
THE CRITICAL REVIEW,

For the Month of *February* 1759.

[The following article was sent to our publisher, and as it seems to be written with spirit and candour, we shall insert it verbatim.]

ARTICLE I.

The History of Scotland, during the reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI. till his accession to the crown of England. With a review of the Scotch history previous to that period; and an appendix containing original papers. In two volumes. By William Robertson, D. D. 4to. Price 1l. 1s. Millar.

WE cannot but congratulate the publick on some late exertions of historical genius that have appeared. This species of composition had been so much neglected in Britain, that we found it difficult to dispute the prize with some of our neighbouring countries. A bare register of past transactions, unconnected by principles or causes, and unadorned with any elegance, deserves not the name of history. An historian is one, who, taking for his subject events of importance and dignity, traces them to their springs, and unfolds their series, in so clear and interesting a manner, as to make his readers present to the actions which he records, and to enlarge their acquaintance with human nature. In a general history, where the author takes a large compass, we expect that he should present distinctly to our view the successive revolutions of some great kingdom, the spirit of its government, the changes of national manners, genius and laws, with the characters of the principal actors that, from time to time, have appeared on the stage. This is a very

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magnificent idea of history ; and we have seen it happily executed in the late *Complete History of England*.

If an historian chuses for his theme some particular and more confined period, it will then be expected, that he should descend into a more full detail of incidents and characters ; that he should examine dubious facts with a more critical eye, and discuss them with more accuracy ; and present us with a more minute inspection into the features of the human heart. This latter is the plan, on which the author now under consideration proceeds ; and we must, in justice to him say, that he has acquitted himself with success. We have perused his work with pleasure, and can venture to recommend it to our readers, whether instruction or entertainment be the principal end for which they read.

The history of a kingdom, with which England hath always had much intercourse, and with which, happily for both, it is now incorporated, is naturally an object of curiosity to every British subject. Our author hath chosen the most shining period of this history, comprehending sixty years, from 1542 to 1603 ; when, by the accession of James I. both the kingdoms were united under one sovereign. During this period, though the manners of the country had made a considerable progress from the confusion of former times, to a more regular civilized state ; yet the enterprizing and unsubdued spirit of the Scotch nation had still full play. Disturbed and unsettled times, though the most uncomfortable to live in, furnish the most splendid and striking scenes to a historian. The subversion of the Roman Catholic religion, and the establishment of the reformed ; the introduction of a new political system, both as to foreign connections, and internal councils ; a queen passing from the crown of France to that of Scotland ; the intrigues of her reign, which laid the foundation of parties that subsist to this day, and which ended in an event that astonished all Europe ; a sovereign dethroned by her subjects, and tried and executed by a foreign sovereign ; a turbulent minority succeeding ; and at last a peaceful establishment both of civil and ecclesiastical government ; are the events that distinguish this busy and active period. Scotland then not only emerged from obscurity, but by means of several concurring circumstances, made no small figure in the history of Europe : and being an object of constant attention to the councils of Queen Elizabeth, several of the most important transactions of her reign cannot be understood without a distinct knowledge of Scotch affairs.

The most eminent figure in this history, is Mary Queen of Scots ; a princess, allowed on all hands to be distinguished by her beauty and personal accomplishments ; by one numerous party held to be illustrious for her virtues ; and by another, infamous for her crimes. As the violence of both parties has been transmitted down from the times in which she lived to posterity in its full strength, we have not hitherto had any history of her reign, that did not bear strong and marked characters of the spirit of faction. In this part of his work we attended particularly to our author ; and we are satisfied that he has shewn both judgment and great fairness and candor. Conscious that he trod on very difficult ground, he has not only supported his account, by a collation of the different testimonies of cotemporary historians, but also by a laborious search into manuscripts and records (of which he hath given us a particular detail in his preface) he hath qualified himself to throw new lights on this nice and controverted part of history. The result is such as we might expect from an impartial enquirer. Queen Mary is presented to us, neither as a divine nor an infernal, but a human object ; a woman with female failings ; a character mixed with virtues and vices, such as merits, on many accounts, our condemnation, whilst there is room left for our pity in deploring her misfortunes.

But it is not this author's only praise to be an impartial and accurate historian. We must add, that he is an extremely agreeable writer : his narration is clear, animated, and interesting : his style such as becomes the dignity of history ; nervous, regular, chaste, and uniformly supported.

It is no small merit of his work, that though his express design be to give us only a period of the Scotch history, yet he has so contrived it, as to give us full a view as most English readers will desire of the affairs of Scotland in general. With this intention his first book, consisting of seventy-nine pages, is wholly preliminary, containing a succinct review of the history of Scotland, previous to the period at which he commences. We find here a very curious account of the nature of the feudal government, which serves to explain the fundamental constitution of most of the present European kingdoms ; and is applied by our author particularly to that of Scotland. As nothing is more remarkable in the political state of Scotland, than the excessive authority of the barons, or nobles, which had reduced the royal power to a mere shadow ; this leads to an enquiry, first, into the causes from whence their exorbitant authority arose ; and

next, into the means employed by the kings to humble them, and extend their own power. The nature and constitution of the Scotch parliament is also treated of. From all which discussions, the English reader will attain a more full idea of the political state of Scotland, as long as it remained a separate kingdom, than he can acquire from any other book that we know. And as he is thus introduced to the history by all such previous information as is necessary for his reading it with pleasure, so his curiosity is also gratified at the conclusion of it, with a prospect of the revolutions which have happened in the constitution of Scotland, in its civil and ecclesiastical policy, and in the manners and genius of the inhabitants, since the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, until the late union of the two kingdoms.

The author has divided his work into eight books; but as we could give our readers only a confused idea of the contents of these books, which include such a variety of actions and characters, we shall not attempt any thing of this nature, but shall content ourselves with presenting them a few extracts, which may serve as a specimen of the author's style and manner.

Our readers will probably desire to see his character of Mary Queen of Scots; which, after the account of her death, he gives in these words:

‘ Such was the tragical death of Mary Queen of Scots, after
 ‘ a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen
 ‘ years of which she passed in captivity. The political parties
 ‘ which were formed in the kingdom, during her reign, have
 ‘ subsisted, under various denominations, ever since that time.
 ‘ The rancour, with which they were at first animated, hath
 ‘ descended to succeeding ages, and their prejudices, as well
 ‘ as their rage, have been perpetuated, and even augmented.
 ‘ Among historians, who were under the dominion of all these
 ‘ passions, and who have either ascribed to her every virtuous
 ‘ and amiable quality, or have imputed to her all the vices, of
 ‘ which the human heart is susceptible, we search in vain for
 ‘ Mary's real character. She neither merited the exaggerated
 ‘ praises of the one, nor the undistinguishing censure of the
 ‘ other.

‘ To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of
 ‘ external form, she added those accomplishments, which render
 ‘ their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating,
 ‘ sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal
 ‘ ease

ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not, at all times, under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors, and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address, and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree, and in duration, those tragical distresses, which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary, the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore bordered locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark

gray; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute, with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, she began to grow fat; and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'

To this we shall subjoin another character, that of Mary's illustrious rival, our queen Elizabeth.

Foreigners often accuse the English of indifference and disrespect towards their princes. But without reason; no people are more grateful than they to those monarchs, who merit their gratitude. The names of Edward III. and Henry V. are mentioned by the English of this age, with the same warmth, as they were by those, who shared in the blessings and splendor of their reigns. The memory of Elizabeth is still adored in England. And the historians of that kingdom, after celebrating her love of her people; her sagacity in discerning their true interest; her steadiness in pursuing it; her wisdom in the choice of her ministers; the glory she acquired by arms; the tranquillity she secured to her subjects; and the increase of fame, of riches, and of commerce, which were the fruits of all these; justly rank her among the most illustrious princes. Even the defects in her character, they observe, were not of a kind pernicious to her people. Her excessive frugality was not accompanied with the love of hoarding; and though it prevented some great undertakings, and rendered the success of others incomplete, it introduced œconomy into her administration, and exempted the nation from many burdens, which a monarch, more profuse, or more enterprising, must have imposed. Her slowness in rewarding her servants sometimes discouraged useful merit; but it prevented the undeserving from acquiring power and wealth, to which they had no title. Her extreme jealousy of those princes, who pretended to dispute her right to the crown, led her to take such precautions, as tended no less to the public safety, than to her own; and to court the affections of her people, as the firmest support of her throne. Such is the picture the English draw of this queen.

Whoever

“Whoever undertakes to write the history of Scotland finds himself obliged, frequently, to view her in a very different, and in a less amiable light. Her authority in that kingdom, during the greater part of her reign, was little inferior to that which she possessed in her own. But this authority, acquired at first by a service of great importance to the nation, she exercised in a manner extremely pernicious to its happiness. By her industry in fomenting the rage of the two contending factions; by supplying the one with partial aid; by feeding the other with false hopes; by ballancing their power so artfully, that each of them was able to distress, and neither of them to subdue the other; she rendered Scotland long the seat of discord, confusion, and bloodshed; and her craft and intrigues, effecting what the valour of her ancestors could not accomplish, reduced that kingdom to a state of dependance on England. The maxims of policy, often little consonant to those of morality, may, perhaps, justify this conduct. But no apology can be offered for her behaviour to queen Mary; a scene of dissimulation without necessity; and of severity beyond example. In almost all her other actions, Elizabeth is the object of our highest admiration; in this, we must allow that she not only laid aside the magnanimity, which became a queen, but the feelings, natural to a woman.”

In political dissertations and reasonings our author deals sparingly. The only discussion, of any considerable length we remember in his book, is on the subject of assassination, occasioned by several gross instances of this crime, which occur in the course of his history. As this is of a curious nature, we shall give it at full length.

“As this is the second instance of deliberate assassination which has occurred, and as we shall hereafter meet with many other instances of the same crime, the causes which gave rise to a practice so shocking to humanity, deserve our particular attention. Resentment is, for obvious and wise reasons, one of the strongest passions in the human mind. The natural demand of this passion is, that the person who feels the injury should himself inflict the vengeance due on that account. The permitting this, however, would have been destructive to society: and punishment would have known no bounds, either in severity, or in duration. For this reason, in the very infancy of the social state, the sword was taken out of private hands, and committed to the magistrate. But, at first, while laws aimed at restraining, they really strengthened the principle of revenge. The earliest and most simple punishment for

crimes was retaliation ; the offender forfeited limb for limb,
 and life for life. The payment of a compensation to the per-
 son injured, succeeded to the rigour of the former institution.
 In both these, the gratification of private revenge was the ob-
 ject of law ; and he who suffered the wrong, was the only
 person who had a right to pursue, to exact, or to remit the
 punishment. While laws allowed such full scope to the re-
 venge of one party, the interests of the other were not neg-
 lected. If the evidence of his guilt did not amount to a full
 proof, or if he reckoned himself to be unjustly accused, the
 person to whom a crime was imputed had a right to challenge
 his adversary to single combat, and on obtaining the victory,
 vindicated his own honour. In almost every considerable
 cause, whether civil or criminal, arms were appealed to, in
 defence, either of the innocence, or the property of the par-
 ties. Justice had seldom occasion to use her balance ; the
 sword alone decided every contest. The passion of revenge
 was nourished by all these means, and grew, by daily indul-
 gence, to be incredibly strong. Mankind became habituated
 to blood, not only in times of war, but of peace ; and from
 this, as well as other causes, contracted an amazing ferocity
 of temper, and of manners. This ferocity, however, made it
 necessary to discourage the trial by combat ; to abolish the
 payment of compensations in criminal cases ; and to think
 of some milder method of terminating disputes concerning
 civil rights. The punishments for crimes became more se-
 vere, and the regulations concerning property more fixed ; but
 the princes, whose province it was to inflict the one, and to
 enforce the other, possessed little power. Great offenders de-
 spised their authority ; smaller ones sheltered themselves under
 the jurisdiction of those, from whose protection they expected
 impunity. The administration of justice was extremely fee-
 ble and dilatory. An attempt to punish the crimes of a chief-
 tain, or even of his vassals, often excited rebellions, and civil
 wars. To nobles, haughty and independent, among whom
 the causes of discord were many and unavoidable, who were
 quick in discerning an injury, and impatient to revenge it ;
 who esteemed it infamous to submit to an enemy, and cow-
 ardly to forgive him ; who considered the right of punishing
 those who had injured them, as a privilege of their order,
 and a mark of independency ; such slow proceedings were ex-
 tremely unsatisfactory. The blood of their adversary was,
 in their opinion, the only thing which could wash away an af-
 front ; where that was not shed, their revenge was disappoint-
 ed, their courage became suspected, and a stain was left on
 their honour. That vengeance, which the impotent hand of
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the magistrate could not inflict, their own could easily execute ; under governments so feeble, men assumed, as in a state of nature, the right of judging, and redressing their own wrongs. And thus assassination, a crime of all others the most destructive to society, came not only to be allowed, but to be deemed honourable.

The history of Europe, during the 14th and 15th centuries, abounds with detestable instances of this crime. It prevailed chiefly among the French and Scots, between whom there was a close intercourse at that time, and a surprising resemblance in their national characters. In 1407, the only brother of the king of France was murdered publicly in the streets of Paris, and instead of punishing this horrible action, an eminent lawyer was allowed to plead in defence of it before the peers of France, and avowedly to maintain the lawfulness of assassination. In 1417, it required all the eloquence and authority of the famous Gerson, to prevail on the council of Constance to condemn this proposition, " That there are some cases in which assassination is a virtue more meritorious in a knight than in a squire, and more meritorious in a king than in a knight." The number of eminent persons who were murdered in France and Scotland, on account either of private, or political, or religious quarrels, during the 15th and 16th centuries, is almost incredible. Even after those causes, which first gave rise to this barbarous practice were removed ; after the jurisdiction of magistrates, and the authority of laws were better established, and become more universal ; after the progress of learning and philosophy had polished the manners, and humanized the minds of men, this crime continued in some degree. It was towards the close of the 17th century before it disappeared in France. The additional vigour, which the royal authority acquired by the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, seems to have put a stop to it in Scotland.

The influence, however, of any national custom, both on the understanding and on the heart, and how far it may go towards perverting or extinguishing moral principles of the greatest importance, is remarkable. The authors of those ages have perfectly imbibed the sentiments of their contemporaries, with regard to assassination ; and they, who had leisure to reflect, and to judge, appear to be no more shocked at this crime, than the persons who committed it during the heat and impetuosity of passion. Buchanan relates the number of cardinal

' dinal Beatoun, and of Rizio, without expressing those feelings
 ' which are natural to a man, or that indignation which be-
 ' came an historian. Knox, whose mind was fiercer and more
 ' unpolished, talks of the death of Beatoun and of the duke of
 ' Guise, not only without censure, but with the utmost exulta-
 ' tion. On the other hand, the bishop of Ross mentions the as-
 ' sassination of the earl of Murray, with some degree of applause.
 ' Blackwood dwells upon it with the most indecent triumph,
 ' and ascribes it directly to the hand of God. Lord Ruthven,
 ' the principal actor in the conspiracy against Rizio, wrote an
 ' account of it some short time before his own death, and in all
 ' his long narrative there is not one expression of regret, or one
 ' symptom of compunction for a crime no less dishonourable,
 ' than barbarous. Morton, equally guilty of the same crime,
 ' entertained the same sentiments concerning it; and in his last
 ' moments, neither he himself, nor the ministers who attended
 ' him, seem to have considered it as an action which called for
 ' repentance; even then he talks of David's slaughter as coolly,
 ' as if it had been an innocent or commendable deed. The
 ' vices of another age astonish and shock us; the vices of our
 ' own become familiar, and excite little horror.'

The affairs of Scotland being much interwoven with those of
 England during this period, the author, on several occasions,
 treats fully of the political conduct of queen Elizabeth, of the
 intrigues of her court, and the characters of the principal per-
 sonages in it. The account which he gives of the catastrophe of
 the earl of Essex, is in the following words:

' The court of England was, at this time, divided between
 ' two powerful factions, which contended for the supreme di-
 ' rection of affairs. The leader of the one was Robert D'ev-
 ' reaux, earl of Essex; Sir Robert Cecil, the son of lord-trea-
 ' surer Burleigh, was at the head of the other. The former
 ' was the most accomplished, and the most popular of all the
 ' English nobles; brave, generous, affable; though impetuous,
 ' yet willing to listen to the councils of those whom he loved;
 ' an avowed, but not an implacable enemy; a friend no less
 ' constant, than warm; incapable of disguising his own senti-
 ' ments, or of misrepresenting those of others; better fitted
 ' for the camp, than for the court; and of a genius that qua-
 ' lified him for the first place in the administration, with a spirit
 ' which scorned the second, as below his merit. He was soon
 ' distinguished by the queen, who, with a profusion uncommon
 ' to her, conferred on him, even in his earliest youth, the highest
 ' honours,

‘ honours, and most important offices. Nor did this diminish
‘ the esteem and affection of his countrymen ; but, by a rare
‘ felicity, he was at once the favourite of his sovereign, and the
‘ darling of the people. Cecil, on the other hand, educated in
‘ a court, and trained under a father, deeply skilled in all its
‘ arts, was crafty, insinuating, industrious ; and though possessed
‘ of talents, which fitted him for the highest offices, he did
‘ not rely upon his merit alone for attaining them, but availed
‘ himself of every advantage, which his own address, or the
‘ mistakes of others, afforded him. Two such men were formed
‘ to be rivals, and enemies. Essex despised the arts of Cecil, as
‘ low and base. To Cecil, the earl’s magnanimity appeared to
‘ be presumption and folly. All the military men, except Raleigh, favoured Essex. Most of the courtiers adhered to Cecil,
‘ whose manners more nearly resembled their own.

‘ As Elizabeth advanced in years, the struggle between these
‘ factions became more violent. Essex, in order to strengthen
‘ himself, had early courted the friendship of the king of Scots,
‘ for whose right of succession he was a zealous advocate, and
‘ held a close correspondence both with him, and with his principal
‘ ministers. Cecil, devoted to the queen alone, rose daily
‘ to new honours, by the assiduity of his services, and the patience,
‘ with which he expected the reward of them. While
‘ the earl’s high spirit and impetuosity sometimes exposed him
‘ to checks from a mistress, who, though partial in her affection
‘ towards him, could not easily bear contradiction, and conferred
‘ favours often unwillingly, and always slowly. His own solicitations,
‘ however, seconded maliciously by his enemies, who
‘ wished to remove him at a distance from court, advanced him
‘ to the command of the army employed in Ireland, against
‘ Tyrone, and to the office of lord-lieutenant of that kingdom,
‘ with a commission almost unlimited. His success, in
‘ that expedition, did not equal either his own promises, or the
‘ expectations of Elizabeth. The queen, peevish from her disappointment,
‘ and exasperated against Essex by the artifices of his enemies,
‘ wrote him a harsh letter, full of accusations and reproaches.
‘ These, his impatient spirit could not bear, and, in the first transports
‘ of his resentment, he proposed to carry over a part of his army
‘ into England, and by driving his enemies from the queen’s
‘ presence, to reinstate himself in favour, and in power. But upon
‘ more mature thoughts, he abandoned this rash design, and setting
‘ sail with a few officers, devoted to his person, landed in England,
‘ and posted directly to court. Elizabeth received him, without any
‘ symptom either of affection or of displeasure. By proper compliances
‘ and ac-

acknowledgments, he might have regained his former ascendant over the queen. But he thought himself too deeply injured to submit to these. Elizabeth, on the other hand, determined to subdue his haughty temper; and though her severity drew from him the most humble letters, she confined him to the lord-keeper's house, and appointed commissioners to try him, both for his conduct during his government in Ireland, and for leaving that kingdom without her permission. By their sentence, he was suspended from all his offices, except that of master of the horse, and continued a prisoner during the queen's pleasure. Satisfied with having mortified his pride thus far, Elizabeth did not suffer the sentence to be recorded, and soon after allowed him to retire to his own house. During these transactions, which occupied several months, Essex fluctuated between the allegiance he owed to his sovereign, and the desire of revenge; and sometimes leaned to the one, sometimes to the other. In one of the intervals when the latter prevailed, he sent a messenger into Scotland, to encourage the king to assert his own right to the succession by force of arms, and to promise that, besides the assistance of the earl and all his friends in England, lord Mountjoy, now lord-lieutenant of Ireland, would join him with 5000 men, from that kingdom. But James did not chuse to hazard the losing a kingdom, which was just ready to fall into his hands, by a premature attempt to seize it. Mountjoy, too, declined the enterprize, and Essex adopted more dutiful schemes; all thoughts of ambition appearing to be totally effaced out of his mind.

This moderation, which was merely the effect of disgust and disappointment, was not of long continuance. And the queen, having not only refused to renew a lucrative grant, which she had formerly bestowed, but to admit him into her presence, that new injury drove a temper, naturally impatient, and now much fretted, to absolute despair. His friends, instead of soothing his rage, or restraining his impetuosity, added to both, by their imprudent and interested zeal. After many anxious consultations, he determined to attempt to redress his wrongs by violence. And conscious how unpopular such an enterprize would be, if it appeared to proceed from motives of private revenge alone, he endeavoured to give it the semblance of public utility, by mingling the king of Scotland's interest with his own. He wrote to James, that the faction, which now predominated in the English court, had resolved to support the pretensions of the infanta of Spain to the crown, that the places of the greatest importance in the kingdom

dom were put into the hands of his avowed enemies; and that unless he sent ambassadors, without delay, to insist on the immediate declaration of his right of succession, their measures were so well concerted, that all his hopes would be desperate. James, who knew how disagreeable such a proposal would be to the queen of England, was not willing rashly to expose himself to her displeasure. But Essex, blinded by resentment, and impatient for revenge, abandoned himself to these passions, and acted like a man guided by frenzy or despair. With two or three hundred followers, incompletely armed, he attempted to assault a throne, the best established in Europe. Sallying at their head, out of his own house, he called on the citizens of London, if they either valued his life, or wished to preserve the kingdom from the dominion of the Spaniards, to take arms, and to follow his standard. He advanced towards the palace, with an intention to drive Cecil and his faction out of the queen's presence, and to obtain a declaration of the Scotch king's right of succession. But, though almost adored by the citizens, not a man would join him in this wild enterprise. Dispirited by their indifference, deserted by some of his own attendants, and almost surrounded by the troops, which marched under different leaders into the city, he retreated to his own house; and without any bold effort, suitable to his present condition, or worthy of his former reputation for courage, he surrendered to his enemies.

As soon as James heard of Essex's ill success, he appointed the earl of Mar, and the abbot of Kinloss, to repair as his ambassadors to the court of England. The former of these was the person, by whose means Essex had carried on his correspondence with the king. He was a passionate admirer of the earl's character, and disposed to attempt every thing that could contribute to his safety. Bruce, united in a close friendship with Mar, was ready to second him with equal zeal. Nor was the purpose of the embassy less friendly to Essex, than the choice of the ambassadors; they were commanded to solicit, in the warmest manner, for the earl's life, and if they found that the king, by avowing his friends, could either promote their designs, or contribute to their safety, they were empowered to lay aside all disguise, and to promise that he would put himself at their head, and claim what was due to him, by force of arms. But before the ambassadors could reach London, Essex had suffered the punishment he merited by his treason. Perhaps the fear of their interposing, in order to obtain his pardon, hastened his death. Elizabeth continued,
for

' for some time, irresolute concerning his fate, and could not
 ' bring herself to consign into the hands of the executioner, a
 ' man, who had once possessed her favour so intirely, without a
 ' painful struggle between her resentment against his late mis-
 ' conduct, and her ancient affection towards him. The distress
 ' to which he was now reduced tended naturally to soften the
 ' former, while it revived the latter with new tenderness; and
 ' the intercession of one faithful friend might perhaps have saved
 ' his life, and have procured him a remission, which, of herself,
 ' the queen was ashamed to grant. But this generous noble-
 ' man had at that time no such friend. And Elizabeth, solli-
 ' cited incessantly by her ministers, and offended with the
 ' haughtiness of Essex, who, as she imagined, scorned to sue
 ' for pardon, at last commanded the sentence to be put in exe-
 ' cution. No sooner was the blow struck, than she repented
 ' of her own rashness, and bewailed his death with the deepest
 ' sorrow. James always considered him as one, who had fallen
 ' a martyr to his service, and after his accession to the English
 ' throne, restored his son to his honours, as well as all his asso-
 ' ciates in the conspiracy, and distinguished them with his
 ' favour.'

In the relation which our author gives of the establishment
 of the Presbyterian church-government in Scotland, though he
 appears to be of that persuasion himself, he discovers none of
 that bigotry and sourness which have been oft charged on that
 sect. As it is almost impossible, however, for the most impar-
 tial writer, to divest himself entirely of all prejudices of coun-
 try, education, or profession, some of our readers may perhaps
 imagine, that a certain degree of these prejudices can be found
 in the character which he gives of Knox, the great apostle of
 the Scotch church; where, though his failings be acknowledged,
 yet an apology for them is, at the same time, artfully inter-
 woven.

' Soon after the breaking-up of this assembly, Knox, the
 ' prime instrument of spreading and establishing the reformed
 ' religion in Scotland, ended his life, in the 67th year of his
 ' age. Zeal, intrepidity, disinterestedness, were virtues which
 ' he possessed, in an eminent degree. He was acquainted, too,
 ' with the learning cultivated in that age; and excelled in that
 ' species of eloquence, which is calculated to rouse, and to in-
 ' flame. His maxims, however, were often too severe, and the
 ' impetuosity of his temper excessive. Rigid and uncompromising
 ' himself, he shewed no indulgence to the infirmities of others.

' Pe-

* Regardless of the distinctions of rank and character, he ut-
 * tered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence, more
 * apt to irritate, than to reclaim. This often betrayed him
 * into indecent and undutiful expressions, with respect to the
 * queen's person and conduct. Those very qualities, how-
 * ever, which now rendered his character less amiable, fitted
 * him to be the instrument of Providence for advancing the re-
 * formation, among a fierce people, and enabled him to face
 * dangers, and to surmount opposition, from which, a person
 * of a more gentle spirit would have been apt to shrink back.
 * By an unwearied application to study, and to business, as well
 * as by the frequency and fervour of his public discourses, he
 * had worn out a constitution, naturally strong. During a lin-
 * gering illness, he discovered the utmost fortitude; and met
 * the approaches of death, with a magnanimity inseparable
 * from his character. He was constantly employed in acts of
 * devotion, and comforted himself with those prospects of im-
 * mortality, which not only preserve good men from despond-
 * ing, but fill them with exultation in their last moments.
 * The earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, pro-
 * nounced his eulogium in a few words, the more honourable
 * for Knox, as they came from one, whom he had often
 * censured with peculiar severity, "Here lies he, who never
 * feared the face of man."

ART. II. *The Faerie Queene.* By Edmund Spenser. *A new edi-
 tion, with notes critical and explanatory, by Ralph Church, M. A.
 late student of Christ Church, Oxon. In four volumes. 8vo.
 Price 1l. 1s. Faden.*

IT is the remark of Boccacini, that a writer, whose works
 have passed through a number of editions after his decease,
 would hardly know his own performances again if he were to
 rise from the dead. Critics mistake his meaning, or are desirous
 of giving a new one of their own. Dunces interpolate the text,
 and printers too add their faults to swell the account: so that
 the poet at last, like a river which receives a new tincture from
 every soil through which it flows, makes a very different appear-
 ance from that with which he set out.

Perhaps no writer confirms the truth of this remark more than
 Spenser; for, in proportion, as the number of editions of the
Faerie Queene have increased, the text has become more pre-
 carious;

carious ; so that it was absolutely necessary to compare subsequent ones with that published by himself, and thus restore his meaning, where it had deviated from ancient correctness and simplicity. Mr. Church, in the edition in view, has completed this undertaking, and merits all the praise due to an exact and cautious editor. Here we see our old favourite rising once more from his faults, and borrowing all the helps of exact punctuation. We can now tread the regions of fancy without interruption, and expatiate in fairy wilds, such as our great magician has been pleased to represent them. There is a pleasing tranquility of mind, which ever attends the reading this ancient poet. We leave the ways of the present world, and all the ages of primeval innocence and happiness rise to our view. Virgil, and even Homer, seem to be modern, upon the comparison. The imagination of his reader leaves reason behind, pursues the tale, without considering the allegory, and upon the whole, is charmed without instruction.

It is, it must be owned, somewhat surprising, that Spenser, who was so well acquainted with Virgil, should not have adopted the *Eneid* of the Roman poet, rather than the *Romans* of the *Wives* and *Jongleurs*, his more immediate predecessors. It is true he has endeavoured to soften this defect, by forming his work into an allegory ; however, the pleasure we receive from this species of composition, though never so finely balanced between truth and fiction, is but of a subordinate nature, as we have always two passions opposing each other ; a love of reality, which represses the flights of fancy, and a passion for the marvellous, which would leave reflection behind.

However, with all his faults, no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser. Cowley was formed into poetry by reading him ; and many of our modern writers, such as Gray, Akenfide, and others, seem to have studied his manner with the utmost attention ; from him their compounded epithets, and solemn flow of numbers, seem evidently borrowed ; and the verses of Spenser may, perhaps, one day be considered as the standard of English poetry. It were happy indeed, if his beauties were the only objects of modern imitation ; but many of his words, justly fallen into disuse among his successors, have been of late revived, and a language, already too copious, has been augmented by an unnecessary reinforcement. Learning and language are ever fluctuating, either rising to perfection, or retiring into primeval barbarity ; perhaps the point of English perfection is already passed, and every intended improvement may be now only deviation. This at least is certain, that posterity

sterity will perceive a strong similitude between the poets of the sixteenth, and those of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

To this edition of Spenser's works, the editor has prefixed some account of his life, gleaned from his own and cotemporary writings. There is a strong similitude between the lives of almost all our English poets. The ordinary of Newgate, we are told, has but one story, which serves for the life of every hero that happens to come within the circle of his pastoral care; however unworthy the resemblance appears, it may be asserted, that the history of one poet might serve with as little variation for that of any other.—Born of creditable parents, who gave him a pious education; however, in spite of all their endeavours, in spite of all the exhortations of the minister of the parish on Sundays, he turned his mind from following *good things*, and fell to——writing verses.——Spenser, in short, lived poor, was reviled by the critics of his time, and died at last in the utmost distress. There are some quotations brought in proof of this, from a poem called the Purple Island, which, as the reader may have never seen, we shall beg leave to transcribe. The poet had been speaking of the discouragements attending learning and the muses.

‘ Stanza 17.

‘ But wretched we to whom these iron daies
‘ (Hard daies) afford nor matter nor reward !——

‘ 19.

‘ Witnesse our Colin; whom though all the graces
‘ And all the muses nurst: whose well taught song
‘ Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces,
‘ And all the learn’d, and all the shepherds throng;
‘ Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni’d;
‘ Discourag’d, scorn’d, his writings vilifi’d:
‘ Poorly (poore man) he liv’d; poorly (poore man) he di’d.

‘ 20.

‘ And had not that great Hart, (whose honour’d head
‘ Ah lies full low) piti’d thy wofull plight;
‘ There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
‘ Unblest, nor grat’t with any common rite:
‘ Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink
‘ Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink,
‘ And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

' O let th' Iambick muse revenge that wrong,
 ' Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead :
 ' Let thy abused honour crie as long
 ' As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade :
 ' On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
 ' Oh may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,
 ' Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd !

' The reader will excuse our tempting his curiosity, by adding, that the author of these agreeable lines is Phineas Fletcher, nephew to Richard Fletcher, bishop of London.——As we have taken the liberty to introduce on this occasion this poet so little known, we can't but add that he seems to be of Spenser's own turn of mind. At Hilgay 'tis most likely this ingenious and good man past his days, privately and humbly, and with all the modest sentiments with which he every where abounds. We can't but think of him and love him, when he mentions

' ——— the blushing strawberries,
 ' Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking eyes ;
 ' Shewing that sweetnesse oft both low and hidden lies :
 ' And we can't but revere and envy him, when giving us advice.

' Wouldst thou live honour'd ? clip ambition's wing ;
 ' To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring :
 ' Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king.'

The notes added to this edition are mostly imitations or various readings, and sufficiently evince the editor's industry, tho' they contribute little to enlighten the reader. There is also a glossary of the obsolete terms, which are not explained in the notes ; and, in short, such helps as are sufficient to understand the poet, without any ostentation of learning in the learned editor.

ART. III. *The Farrier's and Horseman's complete Dictionary : containing the art of farriery in all its branches ; with whatever relates to the manege, and to the knowledge, breeding, feeding, and dieting of horses ; as delivered by the best writers upon these subjects. By Thomas Wallis, surgeon. 8vo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Owen.*

THERE is scarce any human art, which is not immediately employed for the restoration or conservation of the health and welfare of the human species, that merits more of our attention,

tention, and encouragement, than the arts of healing, preserving, and managing the horse. Much, it is true, has been said and writ upon the diseases of horses; but little has been done to the purpose that way, till of late. Gibson, Bracken, and La Fosse, are the only original writers, who have treated the art of farriery upon physical principles; and whatever has been wrote upon this subject, since those gentlemen first published their works, seem to be little more than abstracts or abridgments of them.

The work before us, like most other dictionaries, is a compilation; but in our opinion, a very accurate and judicious one, being the best collection or abridgment of the subjects we have seen. In short, we are persuaded, that it will be found both an useful and a cheap book; but the conveniency, and general utility of the work will, perhaps, best appear in the words of Mr. Wallis himself, in his preface to it.

‘ Horsemanship is a very extensive subject, that has, at all times, been the study and entertainment of some of the greatest men in most countries. Thence the gradual improvements in the farrier’s province, and in the art of riding, became scattered over such a multitude of volumes; that a reduction of the whole subject, as attempted here in the convenient size of a pocket volume, was thought every day more and more necessary.

‘ That the dictionary form was the fittest for this purpose I judged, from its being of the most general service in explaining a subject of so much variety, and which consists of several arts, that, though they all relate to the same subject, have nevertheless their different principles; and abound with a considerable number of terms, the meaning of which have, in a great measure, been left unexplained by the writers in horsemanship. And certain it is, that a knowledge of this, as well as of all other arts, depends much upon being previously acquainted with its principles, and the terms peculiar to it. This indeed is the great use of all dictionaries, that they serve instead of many systems, and institutes; and prevent the trouble of turning over, upon every occasion, the various writers upon the subject. The whole of the manege, as well with relation to the horse as the rider, is delivered in a variety of terms, which are, for the most part, pure French, or Italian, or derived from those or other foreign languages; and the knowledge of the diseases of horses requires the understanding of a multitude of physical and anatomical terms; whereto may be added those used in pharmacy, &c.

' Here then the reader may depend upon finding an explanation not only of such terms of art, but of the several arts themselves to which they belong, as taught by the most approved masters in each of them. Whatever relates to the breaking, disciplining, and managing horses; the knowledge of their make, colour, age, temper, and qualities; their respective countries; the manner of breeding, feeding, and exercising horses; the discovery of the services they are fitted for, whether the war, the race, the saddle, or labour; and forwarding and accommodating them thereto, are all severally treated of under their proper heads. The more material part, and strictly the farrier's province, has been particularly attended to; the defects and diseases of horses, the remedies proper for a cure, together with the several operations requisite thereto, are delivered at some considerable lengths; and a description is given of all the instruments used in the practice of the farrier, according to the latest improvements. On the other hand, the furniture, and appurtenances belonging to the horse and his rider, as well those used in the riding academies as in common life, are also described. The lessons of the manege are rendered plain and easy; proper references are made to those articles which have any affinity with others; and all synonymous terms are explained, with their most proper use and application.'

With the method observed in collecting and disposing the materials of this dictionary, Mr. Wallis acquaints his reader, as follows:

' In the course of this work, I have endeavoured to throw as much light as possible upon every article of importance: wherever I thought the sentiments of one author not sufficient for that end, I collected what was most to my purpose from two, three, or more of the most reputable writers upon the subject. The like method was observed wherever I found authors differ, either in their theory or treatment of any disease. The length of each article I took care should be in proportion to its importance, and the bounds allotted for the execution of the general plan; always mindful, that if any writer was more celebrated than another for his doctrine of any particular subject, to prefer his sentiments upon that head: thus, for instance, have I made most use of La Fosse under the article of *Shoeing of horses*, and on the *Diseases of their feet*; of Gibson, in the articles of the *Farrier's Dispensatory*; of Gibson and Snape, in articles of *Anatomy*; of Bracken, upon the *Cataract*;

' of

* of Bartlet, upon the *Glanders* ; of Wood, upon the *Mad Staggers* ; and so of others.

‘ In regard to the Farrier’s Dispensatory, it may be proper to observe, that I was much at a loss how to comprise a subject which I thought so essential and necessary a part of the design. A description of all the medicinal simples, made use of in the diseases of horses, with their classes, virtues, manner of operation, &c. I found was endless, and such as I could not attempt to include in the bounds of this dictionary ; any more than the several forms and preparations in the Farrier’s Pharmacopoeia. I therefore contented myself with exhibiting the more general classes of medicines, and the most common and approved recipes ; with the proper and necessary directions for their uses, as under the articles, *Alteratives, Charges, Drenches, Evacuators, Ointments, Powders, Restoratives, Waters,* &c. But I have all along taken care that, in recommending any medicine not mentioned under its proper name in the work, to give the form, and the other circumstances necessary to the knowledge of administering it, in the place where it happens to be prescribed. The more common forms, the reader will meet with under their proper names.

‘ In the subject of anatomy, I have dwelt chiefly upon the descriptions and uses of the more capital parts ; annexed to each whereof, I have generally exhibited a table of the diseases incident to the part, with proper references to the names under which the respective diseases are treated of.

‘ In the articles of the manege, and in many of those that concern the training of horses for racing, hunting, &c. and of breaking, breeding, &c. of horses, I indeed had no such choice of authors to consult ; the duke of Newcastle, Solleysell, and Sir William Hope, Guillet’s, the Rustic and Sportsman’s Dictionaries, and one or two books of husbandry, being almost the only authorities I thought worth consulting.

‘ I made it a constant practice to quote my authors at the end of every paragraph that finishes their quota of each article ; as well in justice to their several opinions, as for the benefit and satisfaction of the reader, who would chuse to be referred to the original.’

As a specimen of the method of collecting this work, we will present our reader with the following article :

‘ ANTICOR, a disease in horses, called in French *anticœur*,
 ‘ on account of its being over against the heart, or in the breast.
 ‘ *Bracken's Farriery Improved.*

‘ Most authors have been mistaken as to the nature of this
 ‘ disease. The greatest number attribute it to the heart; and
 ‘ Sollysell calls it a swelling of the pericardium. or purse of the
 ‘ heart. But they are all plainly in an error; for an anticor is
 ‘ an inflammation in the gullet and throat, and is the very same
 ‘ which in man is called angina. *Gibson's Farrier's New Guide.*

‘ The signs of an anticor, according to the best observations
 ‘ of men of experience in farriery, is a swelling in the breast of
 ‘ a horse, which sometimes rises upwards along the gullet, and
 ‘ threatens suffocating him: he will hang down his head, and
 ‘ groan much when he is laid down, forsaking his food; neither
 ‘ can he stoop to grass or hay upon the ground; he has a fault-
 ‘ tering in his fore legs, and trembling of the whole body; and
 ‘ if you tie up his head, to give him a cordial drench, he is likely
 ‘ to tumble over. It is said that our English horses are not so
 ‘ subject to this disorder as the French, Spanish, and other fo-
 ‘ reign horses are, though I know no reason for it, unless it be
 ‘ that our climate, which is naturally temperate, does not ge-
 ‘ nerate these inflammatory disorders so frequently as in the hot-
 ‘ ter regions. *Bracken's Farriery Improved.*

‘ Most writers are agreed that this disorder proceeds from
 ‘ hard riding, exposing a horse to the cold, and giving him cold
 ‘ water to drink, when he is hot, full feeding, and whatever else
 ‘ may cause a sudden inflammation of the blood. Some will
 ‘ have it to proceed from fatness and rank feeding.

‘ The cure should first be attempted by large and repeated
 ‘ bleedings, to abate the inflammation; and Mr. Gibson ap-
 ‘ proves of striking one or other of the veins of the hind parts
 ‘ to make a revulsion.

‘ Next to bleeding, if the horse be costive or bound in his
 ‘ body, clysters are of use; and Dr. Bracken directs the follow-
 ‘ ing as a general one. “Take leaves of mallows and pellitory
 ‘ of the wall, of each three handfuls; camomile-flowers, one
 ‘ handful; aniseed and sweet fennel-seed, each half an ounce,
 ‘ linseeds one ounce. Boil these in three quarts of water to
 ‘ two; then strain and press out the liquor strongly, and add of
 ‘ caryocostinum electuary, one ounce; common salt, two ounces;
 ‘ and common plaister oil, three ounces. Mix.”

‘ These

‘ These should be injected through a very long pipe for the purpose, and as warm as a man can bear his cheek, to the side of the bladder it is tied up in, and it should be repeated every two or three days, as occasion offers.

‘ If the horse takes to food, Mr. Gibson directs, that nothing be given him but moistened hay, and scalded bran; and what else, must be chiefly such things as are proper to keep down heat and inflammation, and abate the feverish symptoms; for which purpose he recommends, after bleeding, those remedies that are proper to promote sweat; therefore let the following drench be prepared for him. “Take treacle-water, and carduus-water, of each one pint; dissolve in these two ounces of old venice treacle, and after this has been exhibited, cloath him well, and give him a little warm water to drink; instead of the treacle and carduus-water, a pint of stale beer mixed with small beer may be used.” ‘ Nothing is so effectual to remove inflammations, especially after bleeding, as sweating; and therefore, if you find it difficult to promote sweat, you may give him the following ball.

“Take of old venice treacle, two ounces; volatile salt of hartshorn, fifteen grains; Matthew's pill, one dram; camphire in powder, six grains; powder of liquorice, or sassafras in powder, what is sufficient to make it into a paste.” ‘ Let this be exhibited after the operation of the clyster is over, and if the symptoms begin to abate, you may venture to give your horse a gentle purge; for which purpose, “Take succotrine aloes and diapente, of each half an ounce; salt of tartar, two drams; jalap, in fine powder, one dram; beat these well together with honey, sufficient to make a ball, which may be given with the usual precautions.”

‘ If the swelling appears outwards, and, at the same time, the other symptoms abate, our author directs, that you leave off purging, after which you are only to apply ripening cataplasms and poultices, allowing him at the same time sal prunellæ, salt petre, or sal polychrestum, dissolved in his water. The cataplasm for this purpose may be made of the following ingredients. “Take linseed and fenugreek feeds, of each two ounces; camomile, melilot, or their flowers, of each four handfuls; boil them over the fire till most of the moisture be evaporated; then pass them thro’ a sieve, and add a quantity of cow's dung equal to the other ingredients, with a sufficient quantity of ox or sheep suet to keep it moist.” Let this be applied twice a day pretty warm; or, instead of

† this compounded poultice, cow's dung alone, applied warm
 † to the part, with a sufficient quantity of suet, or ointment
 † of marsh-mallows, may be sufficient to bring the swelling to
 † maturity.

‘ When it grows soft, and the matter seems ready for a discharge, it may be opened in the dependent lowermost part,
 † by the application of a hot iron, keeping a doffil in the mouth
 † of the wound, until the running abates ; and likewise applying
 † compresses, and a convenient bandage, to keep the elevated
 † skin close to the subjacent flesh, that it may be sooner
 † united : but if the cavity of the imposthumation be large, it
 † will not be amiss to lay it open with a hot knife, an inch or
 † more ; or if you would chuse to avoid the scar, with a cold
 † sharp instrument, or with a pair of scissars.

‘ The cure may be finished with applying only the unguentum basilicum, or a digestive made with turpentine, the yolks
 † of eggs, or honey, with a moderate mixture of brandy, or
 † spirit of wine ; and if any foulness appears, or if it heal too
 † fast, or spongy soft flesh arise, pledgits dipt in copperas-water,
 † or a solution of blue vitriol may be applied, which will
 † keep it smooth and even.

‘ But if the swelling increase very fast, which oftentimes
 † happens, and there is no tendency to digestion, but that it
 † arises towards the neck, affecting all the muscles in those parts,
 † the horse will then be in danger of suffocation, and, unless
 † speedy relief be given, he must soon be strangled. Therefore,
 † besides repeated bleeding, if he is not much wore out, authors
 † advise, to take a hot searing iron, and to apply it to
 † five or six places on the lower part of the swelling, cauterizing
 † those parts, that they may be speedily brought to matter, which
 † Mr. Gibson directs to be dressed with flax or fine hurds, dipt
 † in tar and turpentine, mixed before the fire, and applied warm :
 † for by giving pain in those dependent and inferior parts, you
 † cause the humours to flow downwards from the swelling ; and,
 † by making vents that are sufficient to discharge them, you
 † anticipate the pain, and take off from its violence, which is
 † also an extreme to be avoided ; neither need you be afraid of
 † the swellings that may casually happen in his fore-legs, and
 † perhaps even his limbs, by cauterizing ; for that cannot be of
 † such ill consequence as when it is upon the neck and throat ;
 † neither will it be of any continuance, if due care be taken of
 † the issues.

M.

‘ M. Gueriniere, as well as Sollysell, have advised opening the skin, when the tumour cannot be brought to matter, in order to introduce a piece of black hellebore-root, steeped in vinegar, and to confine it there for twenty-four hours.

‘ This is also intended as a stimulant, and is said to answer the intention, by occasioning sometimes a swelling as big as a man’s head. *Bartlet’s Gentleman’s Farriery.*’

We cannot close our account of this work without observing, that we meet in it several terms of the manege, of little import, taken from Guillet, which being purely French or Italian, and peculiar to the academies of one or other of those countries ; and seeming to be introduced, only for the sake of explaining them, might, we think, as well have been left out. And as Mr. Wallis seems fond of pointing out his authorities, sometimes by Latin references, he had as well explain those references likewise ; because we apprehend, that the generality of people to whom his dictionary will be of most service, are as great strangers to the Latin as they may be to the French and Italian ; but as he has neglected to do this, we will here make bold to explain them for him, by acquainting his unlearned reader, that as often at the close of of a paragraph, as he meets with such a piece of Latin as this, *Gibson ubi supra*, he is to understand, that that part of the article was extracted from the same book of Gibson with the preceding part ; and when he reads *Gibson or Bracken apud Bartlet*, the secret is, that Bartlet took that article from Gibson or Bracken : for Mr. Wallis wisely considered, that the illiterate, who may look upon the contents of all new books to be original, were not to be told, that Mr. Bartlet’s Farriery is only an abstract from the writings of Gibson, Bracken, and La Fosse ; and as, no doubt, it frequently saved Mr. Wallis the trouble of abridging those authors himself, he was too much obliged to the work, to let every body know that it was not an original one.

ART. IV. *The Doctrine of irresistible Grace proved to have no foundation in the writings of the New Testament.* By Thomas Edwards, A. M. Fellow of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, Octavo. Pr. 5s. Millar.

THE intention of this ingenious and laborious commentator is, to use his own words, ‘ to prove the particular tenet of *irresistible grace*, that favourite dogma, so strongly contended for by the Calvinistical party, to be entirely destitute

stitute of foundation in the word of God; nay, to be as irreconcilable with the whole tenor of the evangelical and apostolical writings, as it is with the nature and constitution of man, and the moral attributes of the Deity.'

The method which the author has pursued appears from his introduction, as follows:

'I shall therefore begin with laying before the reader the several *scriptural* notions of the word *grace*: which will consequently oblige me to consider all the passages in the New Testament, in which *χάρις* occurs.

2. I shall particularly examine all those texts, where mention is made of the *Holy Ghost*, the *Spirit of God*, the *Spirit*, &c. which either really bear, or may seem to bear relation to the present subject:

3. I shall briefly, but demonstrably, shew, that, as this Calvinistical tenet of *irresistible grace* does not receive the least countenance from, or is so much as hinted at in any of the texts considered under the two preceding heads, so neither is it possible, that it should be countenanced either by these, or any other passages in the evangelical writings, since it most evidently makes them to contradict and be inconsistent with themselves:

4. I shall consider the most principal of those passages in the New Testament, which are usually alledged as irrefragable proofs of the above doctrine; and entirely refute the arguments deduced from them, by shewing them, when rightly interpreted, to be quite foreign to the purpose, for which they are quoted; And,

5. After having thus proved this doctrine to have no foundation in the word of God, and consequently the supernatural assistance afforded to christians, to be consistent with the nature and constitution of man, considered as a rational creature and moral agent, I shall, by way of conclusion, briefly point out, in what manner, and upon what persons, it seems most probable to suppose the Spirit of God to act.'

Agreeable to the above divisions, this work consists of five chapters; 'In the first and second chapters of this treatise, (says the author) besides explaining the several texts in the annotations, I have likewise given new translations (either in whole or in part) of most of them; which, upon many accounts, I rather chose to do than to put them down as they stand misinterpreted, or otherwise badly rendered in our common version.'

‘ sion. However, I thought it might not be amiss to print the
‘ alterations I had made in it, in *Italicks*. What new supple-
‘ ments I have inserted, are likewise enclosed in parentheses.

‘ With regard to the texts of the third chapter, I was obliged,
‘ as the reader will easily discern, to lay them before him, as
‘ they are quoted by those who urge them in support and con-
‘ firmation of the doctrine above-mentioned.

‘ In commenting upon the texts contained in these three
‘ chapters, I have indifferently had recourse to interpreters of
‘ all opinions: for I am no slave to *names*; nor can I see why
‘ an ingenious and judicious exposition of a passage of scripture
‘ should be thought the worse of, because it came from a *Papist*,
‘ or *Calvinist*, an *Arian*, or *Socinian*.

‘ All the critical and explanatory annotations of the com-
‘ mentators I consulted, which seemed to lay open and unfold
‘ the true sense and meaning of the original, or to be, upon
‘ any other account, worthy of more especial notice, I have
‘ generally given in their own words; as well to avoid the sus-
‘ picion of plagiarism, as to save myself a great deal of useless
‘ and unnecessary trouble.’

This writer, in the first chapter of his work, has given us all
the texts of the New Testament in which the word *Χαρις* occurs,
rendered usually in our common translation *grace*; but which,
according to him, signifies *favour, kindness, beneficence, blessing,*
gift, privilege, the gospel, apostolical office, thanks, gratification, a
charitable disposition, joy.

Chapter second contains all the texts of the New Testament
where mention is made of the word *Πνευμα*, commonly rendered
Spirit, or Holy Ghost; but which, according to Mr. Edwards,
signifies, the *mind*, or rational soul, a *temper* or *disposition of mind*;
in a few places, *the holy spirit of God*; at other times, *the mira-*
culous influences, gifts, &c. of the Holy Ghost, peculiar to the
first ages of Christianity, *the gospel, wisdom, a true or false*
prophet.

We shall here present the reader with two or three quotations,
that he may see something of this author's design and manner in
commenting on texts of scripture.

‘ John i. 14. And the *Logos* became incarnate, and *shechinized*
‘ among us, and we beheld his glory, *such glory as he who truly*
‘ *was*

“ was the only-begotten, and who was full of true favour, received from the father.

“ ——— και εσκηνωσεν εν ημιν, and *steechinized* among us. See *Loman's* three Tracts, p. 226, 236. ——— ως μονογενης ——— the only-begotten, ——— ως here, as *Theophylact* rightly observes, εχ ομοιωσεως εστιν, αλλα θεβαιωσεως, και αναμφοσθητα διορισμω.

“ Luke xi. 13. If ye then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly father give the holy spirit to them that ask him?

“ ——— πονηροί υπαρχοντες, who are evil, “ Deo scilicet comparati,” as *Brenius* explains it, (See Job. xv. 14, 15.) or, as *Wolzogenius*, “ longe minus misericordes ac benigni patres erga liberos vestros, quam est cœlestis pater erga suos liberos. *Malus* enim, hoc loco, idem valet, quod non tam bonus; quemadmodum *odisse* Luc. xiv. 26. Job. xii. 25. significat minus amare.” See him upon Mat. vii. 11. and also *Le Clerc* upon Deut. xv. 9. Mat. xx. 15. and upon this latter passage, *Grotius* likewise and *Wolzogenius*. ——— δωσει πνευμα αγιον ——— give the holy Spirit — In the parallel place to this, Mat. vii. 11. instead of the holy Spirit, we read αγαθα, good things, or rather, good gifts: and therefore I cannot but think, that by the holy Spirit here, we are neither to understand the ordinary assistances and operations of the Spirit of God in common to christians of all ages, nor yet, with *Dr. Whitby*, the miraculous inward gifts and operations of the Holy Ghost peculiar to the Apostles, and first converts to Christianity (See him upon 1 John v. 6.) but, as the learned *Brenius* seems rightly to interpret it, “ omnia bona oratione dominica superius comprehensa :” “ all the good things, or gifts,” comprehended above in the Lord's prayer: For, as the same commentator justly observes, upon ver. 2. of this chap. “ Omnes oratione dominica comprehensas petitiones sunt rerum duntaxat spiritualium; unde postea spiritus sancti nomine a Christo nuncupanter, ver. 13.” “ All the petitions, contained in the Lord's prayer, are for spiritual things only; for which reason Christ calls them below, ver. 13. by the name of the holy Spirit :” See his remarks upon ver. 11. of sixth chap. of St. Mat. and likewise upon ver. 7. and 11. of chap. 7.

“ Philip ii. 13. For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.

“ Whatsoever therefore, it is said, we will, or do, that is good, God doth it in us.”

“ But,

‘ But, supposing this to be true, are we from hence to conclude, that *God worketh in us*, by an *irresistible* and *necessitating* grace? Is this so clearly and evidently implied in the text, as to be a necessary and unavoidable consequence? And are there no other ways and means, by which the Deity may work upon, and influence rational creatures and moral agents? If there be, as most undoubtedly there are, and if this passage, as it here stands, does not, in the least, insinuate or countenance this hypothesis of God’s working upon men by *physical* and *unfrustrable* impulses, as it most plainly and evidently does not, but must have a quite different meaning, as the words immediately preceding demonstrably shew, (for can any person in his senses imagine, that St. Paul would have exhorted the *Philippians* to *work out their own salvation which fear and trembling*, when, according to this notion, he must know, that they could not act, or work at all; and that God was effectually to do every thing for them, and that too by a manner of operation, which they could not possibly *resist*, or *frustrate*? (See this argued at large, and the many and great inconsistencies, absurdities, and contradictions, the Calvinist must here necessarily run himself into, in Slichtingius’s annot. in loc. and Dr. Whitby’s remarks upon it, in his Discourse &c. pag. 287.) If there are other ways and means, I say, by which God may work upon moral agents, and if this passage, as it is commonly translated, does not, in the least, favour, or, in any respect, give countenance to the above hypothesis, of the Deity’s acting upon them by *physical* and *unfrustrable* impulses, it may, I should think, with very good reason, be asked, To what purpose is the text quoted? or what proof and evidence does it bring with it, of the certainty and authenticity of any such doctrine?

‘ But the truth is, it is so far from favouring this fictitious and absurd dogma, that when rightly interpreted, it will not be found to contain what it is thought by others, who entirely reject an *irresistible*, and *necessitating* grace, to be a full proof of, (and which I have hitherto supposed to be true, and taken for granted; See in the beginning of this annot.) namely, “That we cannot *will*, or *do* any thing that is good, without the divine assistance, and co-operation of the holy Spirit.” And in order to shew the truth of this assertion, I shall give a new version of this and the preceding ver. (both being badly rendered by our translators,) and likewise the very ingenious and judicious annotations of Mr. Pierce upon them, which seem to lay open their true and genuine meaning, and will, I hope,

‘ I hope, justify and confirm this version, in the judgment of every candid and unprejudiced reader.’

The quotations in this treatise are principally taken from Wolzogenius, Glassius, Brenius, Grotius, Schottgenius, Zengerius, Crellius, Slichtingius, Le Clerc, Hammond, Locke, Pool, Dr. Taylor, Whitby, Benson, Sykes, the Fathers, Lexicons and Philologists.

Upon the whole, we cannot but esteem this work as an useful and learned performance, executed with great care and equal ability, and as such recommend it to the examination of the learned reader ; for to such, from the nature of it, it is confined. The reading of it indeed will be tedious, from the frequent references that the author has made from one part of the work to another, which could not be avoided without swelling the work to an enormous size, by continual repetitions. To the orthodox, we imagine, this critical treatise will not be very acceptable : however, if he has not offered up his *reason* as a *carual weapon* to *Methodism*, nor contaminated his learning with *Hutchinsonianism*, we dare say he will find criticisms worthy of his attention, and such as will merit his approbation ; though we shall not differ from him if he should think that this critical inquisitor has sometimes tortured orthodoxy into heresy.

ART. V. *A Method of producing Double Flowers from a single, by a regular Course of Culture. Illustrated with Figures.* Baldwin. Pr. 2s. 6d.

THERE is no mention of the author's name in the title-page of this piece : but, by the dedication, we find it is the work of that surprising genius Dr. Hill, who so often indulges the public with his performances on various subjects. The tract is addressed to Dr. Haller, to return him thanks for the honourable mention he has made of Dr. Hill in his immortal works. This we suppose to be a piece of artifice of the author, to boast of his connexions with persons of literature ; for we do not remember this circumstance in any of Dr. Haller's works.

This pamphlet contains forty pages in octavo, with seven copper-plates ; six of which are of tulips, and the seventh represents a speedwell. He begins by informing his reader, that the raising of double flowers is one of the great articles in the gardener's and florist's professions. It is often done, he says,
but

but none knows how : the practice by which these elegant plants are obtained from those of the single flower, is little different from that by which, in other kinds, single rise from single in succession, and the procedure is merely mechanical ; but he says it would be happy if the change thus produced in a few plants could be extended to many. To attain this end, it must be attempted regularly ; and in order to that, the subject must be first understood. We must know by what means and in what manner nature gives this doubleness to flowers, in the instances already seen, before we can attempt rationally to assist in her operations upon others ; but when this is discovered, the just grounds of such an attempt will be known.

Then he proceeds to an anatomical description of the several parts of which plants are composed. The stalk, he says, he has clearly shewn in another tract to be composed of five different substances, surrounding one another in a regular manner : these, he says, are, the outer bark, the inner rind, a vascular series, the fleshy substance, and the pith : the roots are formed of these ; they are continued thence up the stalks ; and from one or other of them are formed the several parts of flowers. There is no way, he says, to understand what the doubleness of a flower is, or of what it consists, until the structure of the whole plant is understood : for as all the parts of a flower are continuations of one or other of these substances ; all doubleness in flowers must be owing to the luxuriance of some of them : nothing new is or can be produced, only some original part is extended. The first step, he says, must be to understand the process of nature, by examining which of the proper parts of a plant has afforded the luxuriant growth : then to see to what original portion of the plant, that is to which of the five substances whereof the whole consists, that part belongs. When this is known, inquiry by experiments is to be made what nourishment and what method of culture most favour the growth of that part : when this is found the great secret is discovered.

He selects a tulip for an example, because in that, the parts are distinct and plain, the organs being large, and the doubleness not too complex ; and as the root is yearly taken up, there may be a certainty of having the same plant. Gardeners, he says, despise double tulips ; and if no better can be produced by art than such as offer themselves by accident, they would have reason ; for in those they see a multiplicity of ragged petals and a wild cluster of filaments. But if doubleness in a tulip can be produced in a regular manner, the new leaves rendered as well shaped as the old, and the same excellence of colour preserved

as in the single, doubtless the florist will receive it into his list of beauties. That this may be done, he says, appears very probable; but the attempting this is a work of time, because the tulip is a slow grower from seed: tho' there is reason to believe it will succeed. In his anatomical description of the parts, he says, the fleshy substance of the stalk terminates in the antheræ, and there forms a minute plant, or the rudiment of a plant in each grain of the farina. This, he continues, is received into the stigma; and thence conveyed by a short course to the seed-vessel, where it is lodged in the yet empty hull of a seed. It is there clothed with a farinaceous substance, secreted for that use in those vessels; and the seed hardening, it is perfect. This seed being sown, the rudiment of the plant expands by means of the heat and moisture; and its several parts growing downwards into fibres, and upwards into a stalk and leaves, the tulip is produced, which in its perfect state is next to be examined.

The bulb, he tells us, is not the root, though it is vulgarly so called, but it is a gem, or bud, composed of a number of coats, like those which cover the young buds of trees. The flower consists of six petals, the three outer are harder than the inner, and serve as a defence to them. The outer bark of the stalk constitutes these three petals intirely, and is there lost: when the flower is newly opened, he says, it has the property of the leaves of sleeping plants, shutting itself in the dark, whether it be night or an artificial gloom, and opening again in the light. The doubleness of the tulip, he affirms, arises only from the fleshy substance of the stalk; in dissecting the stalk the next substance which is seen is the inner rind, from which the inner petals are formed. These being removed, the next appears as the outer substance, the vascular course, or third portion of the substance of the plant. This is extremely delicate and small in the tulip, and appears only as a line. These parts being cleared away, he comes to the fourth order, which is the fleshy substance of the stalk. This may be easily traced up to the filaments themselves, which are absolutely formed of it; and from observing its structure the reason will be found why tulips are doubled more easily than many other flowers.

The doubleness in various flowers, we are told, rises from a luxuriance of different parts in the columbine from what is called the nectaria, and in the narcissus sometimes by an encrease and division of the nectarium: but in the tulip, it is altogether otherwise. The doubleness of this flower arises from the filaments, and no other part. The thickness of the filaments, he says, arises from the fleshy substance of the stalk, whereof they

they are so many continuations, and it renders them liable to alter their form by swelling; if an encrease of that part favours such change, their peculiar structure also makes it easy for them to spread into the resemblance of petals, the membranes covering them being much of that nature: thus, the doubleness of the tulip is produced only by a luxuriant growth of its filaments. This flower, he adds, is most liable to such doubleness, because the fleshy part of the stalk is thick, and the doubleness is plainly owing to an increase in the quantity of that part. From hence follows plainly, the practical lesson, That certain circumstances in the culture and management of plants favour the increase of particular parts in their construction: the way therefore to produce double tulips, and to increase the degree of their doubleness, is to observe what circumstance, what soil, manner, or management it is that thickens this fleshy part in some degree, and to apply it early, and pursue it thoroughly.

He then proceeds to the progress of the doubleness in the tulip, and here he alledges that sometimes a single tulip bursts at once into a full doubleness; sometimes, on the contrary, when the change has been regularly begun, it comes to a stand in the succeeding year; and any double tulip being left neglected in the ground will become single. When a large quantity of seeds of well-chosen tulips is sown, and the plants are raised by proper care to flower, he observes there will sometimes appear a few double ones the first year of bloom; but this is very rare, and they are never perfect. In the natural state of a tulip, the filaments are raised in three blunt ridges, and are thick in proportion to their breadth; but in some the filaments will have lost their outer ridge, and will become broader, thinner, and flatter than usual; and begin to shew a different colour tending to that of the petals: the antheræ also in this case are shorter. This, he affirms, is the first approach which nature makes to doubleness, which the florist is to mark, and the plants in which it appears are to have peculiar care in the following years, for the several gradations from this to perfect doubleness are to be expected the succeeding seasons.

The other part of this pamphlet is filled with the descriptions of a single tulip of the first order, and of one completely double, which is beside our purpose to mention here. It concludes with an account of a double speedwell, as he calls it; and informs the reader, that, in order to obtain more of the same, the stalks should be cut down before the flowers blow, the plants should be allowed a space of a yard square each, the ground dressed

with marle, the plants watered every day, and the following year the flowers will be double.

By the title of this pamphlet, we expected to have found a certain and sure method proposed for raising all sorts of double flowers: but we found ourselves disappointed greatly when we read it over; for there is not one instance mentioned through the whole work of double flowers having been produced by any particular method of culture. All that is to be found in it is this, 'That double flowers are produced from a luxuriancy in some parts of the plants, which the florist is advised to remark; then he is by experiment to learn what culture will improve those particular parts, and to apply it early, and pursue it thoroughly.' These are the whole instructions: whether this is worth the florist's paying half-a-crown for, we must submit to their judgments.

For what reason the author has selected the tulip for an example of doubling flowers, we are at a loss to guess; since there are great numbers of plants, whose organs are full as conspicuous as those of the tulip; and as many of them will shew their flowers the following year, so the success of any experiment will be soon known: whereas the tulip, when raised from seed, rarely shews its flower in less than seven years. But we suppose it to be an artifice of the author, in making choice of a plant upon which he proposed the experiment to be tried, the success of which cannot be known, till the pamphlet is forgotten. If this was not the author's view, it will be difficult to find it out; for we imagine no skilful florist will ever set a value upon a double tulip, should there be any produced much more beautiful than has yet appeared; for tulips are valued for the shape, regular disposition of their petals, and colour.

As there are several things in this pamphlet asserted for truth which it is more than probable may be contradicted by the more skilful florists, so it is unlikely they should be tempted to make trial of others herein recommended only upon a probability of succeeding; for we do not find an instance mentioned in the pamphlet, either of the author's own, or any of his curious correspondents having made the experiments.

The single tulip bursting at once to a full double one, is new to the practical florists, who it is true are well acquainted with plain coloured tulips breaking into stripes: nor do they believe that single tulips become double by gradation, for they know that all double tulips rise so from seed. The filaments chang-
ing

ing to petals seems new to them; because in double tulips there is a greater number of filaments than in single. These and many other objections it is likely may be made by the practical florists to the scheme of this author: therefore, before he attempts to instruct others, we recommend to him to learn himself something of the subject on which he proposes to exercise his talents.

ART. V. *The Nature, Design, Tendency, and Importance of Prayer: illustrated in seven practical dissertations on the Lord's Prayer.* By W. West. Octavo. Pr. 4s. Griffiths.

THE author opens his first Dissertation with a just remark, that nothing is better calculated to preserve in the minds of men a constant, serious, and reverent regard to the authority and laws of God than a regular course of devotion. The reason of this is obvious. When habits are once settled in the human mind, they incorporate themselves with the faculties of the soul, and powerfully influence the whole behaviour. It was the observation of an ancient philosopher of Greece, that praying will make a man leave off sinning; or sinning will make a man leave off praying. It seems indeed hardly possible that any human being should be so destitute of reason as to live in an habitual violation of the laws of God, and in the constant practice of those devout exercises whose tendency is to impress the mind with a lively sense of their importance. It is recorded of an eminent person, who passed his youth in all the dissipation of debauchery, that the principles of religion which had been instilled into his infancy made him form a resolution of addressing a prayer every morning to his Creator; and that some time after he deliberately discontinued this practice, finding that it filled him with uneasy reflections upon the course of life he led, and which he found himself unable to alter. It must be owned however, that there are examples of persons in whose characters passion and religion seem to be equally blended, and whose debaucheries equal their enthusiasm. But such are uncommon: a little observation must convince us that libertines live in a total neglect of public worship; and that those who attend it punctually generally lead a regular and virtuous life. 'Prayer is a solemn address to God, containing an acknowledgment of his sovereign dominion, goodness, glory, and power; as also of our high obligations to him, our constant dependence upon him, and our obnoxiousness to his displeasure, on account of our sins and

‘ follies ; and an humble and entire submission of all our desires to the wisdom of his providence.’

The author’s definition of prayer seems to be too prolix. We apprehend that it should be defined thus, Prayer is a solemn address to the Supreme Being, made by a finite being, from the sense of his dependency. The author justly observes (Page 5. Dif. I.) that the conciseness of our Saviour’s instructions with regard to prayer is a sufficient proof that he did not intend that christians should be wholly confined to forms in public worship. It is remarkable, however, that brief and general as these instructions are, Socrates, that great light of the pagan world, was unable to give even such general information.

Plato, in one of his dialogues intituled Alcibiades, represents that philosopher enumerating to his disciple the many dangers and difficulties attending prayer, and above all particular requests made to the Gods, which have frequently proved destructive to the petitioners when granted. Alcibiades earnestly desiring information from his master, the philosopher owns himself utterly unable to satisfy him upon that head, and concludes with these remarkable words: ‘ We must therefore continue in our ignorance, till it shall please God to send a person into the world to give us full information concerning our duty, and in particular to direct us in the article of prayer.’

In Page 7. Dif. I. the author makes a very just observation upon the expression, *Our Father which art in heaven*. We should be very careful, saith he, not to ascribe any of the weaknesses and imperfections of our earthly parents to God our heavenly father. This observation we must allow to be pertinent ; since we are brought into this world by our parents, who, in begetting us, have no other view but to gratify their own inclinations. The author continues to observe that earthly parents are too much inclined to gratify the present inclinations of their children, at the expence of their future felicity. If this be true, it proves, in the strongest manner, the difference between them and the father of all, whose views extend to the remotest eternity, and who in creation has formed a plan calculated to promote the everlasting welfare of all his creatures. It is obvious (as the author observes, Page 13. Dif. I.) that the design of prayer is not to inform the almighty of our pains and our wants, nor to direct him in the methods of removing the one or supplying the other. Here the author’s opinion coincides with that of the renowned Socrates. He continues to observe, that prayer cannot

not be designed as an instrument or means, as it were, to sooth and soften the Deity, and dispose him to be merciful and gracious to us.—The design then of God, saith he, in suggesting to us the duty of prayer, is to inspire us with sentiments of piety and virtue, and to establish more firmly, to cherish and improve those sentiments in our minds. It is remarkable that some christian sects who believe in absolute predestination (amongst which I shall mention only the Jansenists of France) make very long prayers. They cannot herein have either of the two former views; and their using prayer even upon the last mentioned motive seems to contradict their favourite doctrine of fatality, or absolute predestination. That God is the universal father of all, and that his Providence equally extends to all men, whether good or bad, is (as the author observes, Page 16, 17. Dis. I.) an acknowledged truth, and strictly conformable to Scripture, *There is one event to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not*, says the Prophet. The author adds (Page 18. Dis. I.) that all the effects which we see in nature, proceed from general causes or laws which God has given to the material world about us. In this manner he accounts for the good and evil that happen indiscriminately to the virtuous and vitious. In this particular, his sentiments coincide with those of almost all the moralists who have treated this subject. The celebrated M. Bayle, in his reflections upon comets, takes notice that the same law of nature that makes fire mount in an oven, or chimney, in order to answer the purposes of life, may be the cause of burning an house: that the same benefit of nature that supplies rains necessary for the fruits of the earth may sometimes cause an inundation, &c. and Mr. Pope to the same purpose in the Essay on Man:

- ‘ Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
- ‘ Forget to thunder, and recal its fires.
- ‘ On air or sea new motions be impress,
- ‘ Oh blameless Bethell! to relieve thy breast.
- ‘ When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
- ‘ Shall gravitation cease if you go by.’

It seems surprising that none of these authors should have assign’d the reason why Providence acts by general, and not by particular laws, which seems to be as follows: If there had been no regular, and settled course of nature, men would never have known how to regulate their conduct, the husbandman would not know when to sow, nor the mariner when to go to sea. Now, as these general laws sometimes interfere with the interests of particular persons, some evil must necessarily result from thence; though, when the universal scheme of Providence is unfolded, it will undoubtedly appear that the good of his creatures has

been uniformly carried on by the universal Lord and Father of all.

Page 21. Dis. I. the author proceeds to lay down the properest and most becoming manner of addressing our prayers and petitions to the Almighty.——In the first place, with regard to temporal things, he lays it down as a rule that we should acquiesce entirely in the dispensations of his Providence, and rather pray for a temper wholly resigned to his will, than seem to dictate to the great Governor of the World a different conduct from that which he is invariably determined to pursue——Here there seems to arise a difficulty, which the author has not taken notice of. If the plan by which God regulates his conduct be unalterable, where is the necessity of prayer? and may not God think proper to withhold from us that resignation of mind which we pray for, as well as any thing else that may be the object of our petitions?——It is surprising the author should have expressed himself in so unguarded a manner as to give room to an objection of inconsistency. In Page 23, 24. Dis. I. the author takes notice of an objection that has been made to general petitions by several persons of a very serious and religious turn of mind. It is alledged by such, that except a prayer comes up to their particular case and circumstances, they cannot find themselves warmed or affected by it in a proper manner. The author's answer to this objection seems to be insufficient, 'God does not need to be informed of our particular circumstances, nor to be directed in what manner to amend or improve them; but certainly the mention of our own particular circumstances must greatly contribute to interest us, and add warmth and fervour to our devotion.' The practice of the church in adapting particular prayers to particular occasions, and using set forms upon extraordinary conjunctures, seems to confirm the truth of this observation. The author observes justly, Page 26. that the expression *Our Father*, with which the Lord's Prayer begins, sufficiently intimates to us that we ought to address the great God and Father of All in the temper of universal benevolence——No other temper can be acceptable to him, who is good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. Prayer, continues he, was not instituted in order to its being an instrument of advancing the interest of one person, family, or nation, at the expence of another, but to be subservient to the general good, and universal welfare of all mankind: this observation is admirable. The simple light of nature could suggest this truth to the antient Persians, who always began their prayers with a general invocation of God's blessing upon all the nations of the earth. The
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compilers of our excellent Liturgy seem to have been sufficiently sensible of this, as we are thereby injoin'd to pray for the welfare of all mankind, including Turks, Jews, and Infidels. We apprehend that the author's observation in Page 29. Dis. I. upon the expression, *which art in heaven*, is very superficial and injudicious: certainly our Saviour could have no other view in using such a phrase but to distinguish our heavenly father from our fathers in the flesh.

In the second dissertation, which turns upon the expression, *hallowed be thy name*, the author has done little more than branch out, and enlarge upon the maxim advanced in the first Dissertation, viz. that a constant and regular course of devotion tends to excite and preserve virtuous habits in the minds of men. His observation, in Page 56, that the subject-matter of our addresses, and the forms and expressions of which our worship consists, should be suitable to the perfections of God's nature, is just, but trite and obvious. In dissertation the third, the author explains the words, *thy kingdom come*: he tells us (Page 71) that by the kingdom of God, we are to understand the Gospel dispensation; and that we are hereby enjoined to pray for the propagation of Christianity over the whole world: several eminent divines have explained the words in the same manner. He subjoins another explanation, Page 76. By the kingdom of heaven, or of God, saith he, is sometimes intended the future glorious and exalted state of the christian church in the mansions of eternal bliss. Thus our Lord says, *Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven*, Matt. i. 9.—and again, *Many shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven*. We apprehend that the expression *the kingdom of heaven*, is, in this prayer, to be understood in the latter sense; and that the propagation of Christianity, and the general conversion of mankind to true religion, are here out of the question. The author observes (Page 77.) that the kingdom of God derives its appellation from the prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to the kingdom of the Messiah, expected by the Jews, though they were greatly mistaken as to the true design of it, and temporal circumstances that were to attend it. They expected a temporal king of a distinguished character, who was to succeed to the throne of his father David. This is confirmed by the testimony of prophane historians: the expression upon this occasion is the same both in Tacitus and Suetonius: *Invaluerat illo tempore opinio per totum Orientem esse in satis ut Judea profecti rerum potirentur*: the former of these historians adds, *Hoc ad se trahentes Judei rebellavere*, &c. The

Jews, interpreting this in favour of their own nation, commenced a civil war; but Vespasian, says the historian, was evidently pointed at by the prediction; for, from being imperial procurator of Judea, he was raised to the empire upon the fall of Vitellius. The testimony of prophane historians thus corroborating that of the sacred writers, seems to be one of the strongest collateral proofs of the truth of our holy religion; and it seems surprising that divines have not explained it in a fuller manner, and insisted on it more strongly, in their vindications of revealed religion.

The author justly observes, Page 85, 86. that the state our Saviour was sent into the world to establish, is not a state of tyranny and slavery, but a state of the most perfect liberty that can be enjoyed by men in the present world. A despotic prince, governed wholly by his passions and lusts, is in a more abject state of slavery than any of the wretches that tremble at his nod. We have a striking instance of this in a letter, wrote by Tiberius, one of the most cruel and arbitrary of tyrants, to the senate of Rome: ‘P. C. Quid dicam, aut quid scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii Deæque omnes pejus me perducunt quàm perire quotidie me sentio, si scio.’ There cannot be a more lively description of a wounded spirit, a mind torn by the most unruly and tormenting passions. Such a state is certainly the worst sort of slavery——Nothing, on the other hand, can more justly deserve the name of liberty than to have the perfect government and command of all our passions, and to be able to act, upon every occasion, as the reason and nature of the thing may seem to require. The Stoic philosophers had the same idea of liberty; the Roman satyrift expresses his sentiments in the following lines with a vivacity of expression peculiar to himself.

- ‘ Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus
- ‘ Quem neque pauperies neque Mors neque vincula terrent
- ‘ Reponere cupidinibus, contemnere honores
- ‘ Fortis atque in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus
- ‘ In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.’

This state of perfect liberty which Stoical pride falsely boasted of is the liberty which the laws of our Saviour’s kingdom evidently aim to put us in full possession of. Another slavery that the laws of God’s kingdom tend to rescue us from (says the author, Page 89.) is the slavery of superstition: the superstitious man is described by Plutarch, in an express treatise upon the subject, as an abject slave filled with vain fears and apprehen-

hensions, and scarcely daring to raise his eyes to the God whom he adores. It is certainly no inconsiderable part of the liberty of the children of God to be freed from such anxieties.

In dissertation the fourth, from page the tenth to page the twelfth, the author only repeats in other words what he had said before. But, in the latter page, he enters upon one of the most abstruse points of theology, viz. the origin of evil, which he explains in the following manner: 'Some degree of suffering seems absolutely necessary to a state of trial, in order to make it productive of the greatest degree of happiness that it is capable of producing.' Here the author's sentiments seem to agree with those of the great German philosopher Leibnitz, who has distinguished himself as much in abstracted and theological subjects as in physical and mathematical.

This illustrious philosopher delivers his sentiments thus in his Theodicea: 'Two philosophers of the Stoic sect happened once to dispute at Rome upon the dispensations of Providence. One argued vehemently against them; and to support his assertions, alledged the unhappy catastrophe of Lucretia. Upon this the goddess Fortune appeared to them, and offered to decide the dispute: they gladly accepted the proposal; the goddess then conducted them to her temple, where she shewed them plans of all the possible systems of an universe, from the worst to the best; and in the latter was found an historical picture of the Rape of Lucretia: upon which the two philosophers acknowledged that great truth, *whatever is, is right.*'

What the author observes, page 129, that the voluntary penances of the church of Rome are contrary to reason and scripture, is obvious; and it is remarkable that amongst barbarians (we shall cite only the Indian Brachmans) this extravagance has been carried much higher than even amongst the monks of Spain. The author's observations (Dis. V.) upon the words, *give us this day our daily bread*, are all trite and obvious, till he concludes with this remark, That this petition is the only one in the Lord's prayer that is intirely of a temporal nature, or wholly terminates in the present world. In Page 168, 169, the author infers, from the manner in which this prayer is expressed, that a particular application of prayer to temporal purposes seems not to be altogether consistent with the true intention and design of our Saviour——He adds that, when the subject of war is introduced into our devotions, we should endeavour to shew our submission and deference to the wisdom and justice of Almighty God, and not pray for any one nation at

the expence of another : this observation, if just, would go a great way to prove prayer unnecessary ; and here we beg leave to remind the author of what he has himself advanced in *Dis.* I. p. 5. That if our Lord had intended his disciples should be wholly confined to forms in public worship, he would, in all probability, have given us more large and particular instructions concerning this affair. Now as he has not explained himself fully, it should seem that christians are left to their own discretion upon the occasions in question, which certainly call upon them for the discharge of this duty, in the most powerful and irresistible manner.

In *Dis.* VI. and VII. the author makes no observations but such as are common and obvious. Upon the whole, we apprehend, that he does not enter deep enough into the subject, and that his book does not give sufficient information. He has, however, writ in a strong and perspicuous style, and his reasoning seems to be, for the most part, just and conclusive.

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Life of Robert Cary, Baron of Lepington, and Earl of Monmouth. Written by himself, and now published from an original manuscript in the custody of John Earl of Cork and Orrery. With some explanatory notes. 8vo. Price 4s. Doddsley.*

THIS performance might have appeared in the size of a twelpenny pamphlet, with a good living profit to the bookseller, and as much edification to the reader as what he receives from the pompous form it now appears in.

It is a work more curious than instructive. There runs thro' it an air of inaccurate simplicity, that gives the facts it contains great credit, and those facts prove the author to have been a man of strong natural parts ; attaching himself to the modes of a court, because the court was in the road to preferment ; and executing with address and resolution, the several charges assigned him by his sovereigns, either in the cabinet or the field.

Robert Cary, in this history of his life, has neglected to inform his readers who his parents were ; and has omitted the place and time of his birth. We learn, however, from his noble editor, the present earl of Cork and Orrery, that he was a younger son of Cary Lord Hunsdon, a near relation, by the mother, to queen Elizabeth.

From circumstances it appears, that he was born in the year 1559. or 1560. He past his juvenile years in seeing France and the

the Low-Countries; and in 1583 he attended Walsingham to Scotland, where king James took a liking for him, which proved to be the foundation of his fortune and honours. His father was then governor of Berwick, and a very indulgent father (tho' our author does not own it expressly) he must have been; for his son was nobly fitted out upon his return from Scotland, to attend king James, by that monarch's own desire, and by permission from queen Elizabeth: but she retracting that permission, he returned to court, and attaching himself to the earl of Essex, who wanted to make a campaign in the Low Countries, he was employed by queen Elizabeth to divert Essex from that resolution; which he did: and our author served the campaign as a voluntier, along with his brother Edmund, who was an officer in the English service at Ostend. On this occasion he gives us no favourable idea of the earl of Leicester, the English general in chief; for he says he found, by a little experience, 'that a brave war, and a poor spirit in a commander, never agree well together.'

Being returned to the English court, he lived there a long time, as he says himself, far above his rank, and was employed by queen Elizabeth, to carry from her to king James her condolences and apology, on account of his mother's tragical death. The temper of the times did not admit of Cary's executing this commission otherwise than by writing, and sending to the king his letters of credence. But next year he had the good fortune to be charged by his mistress with another commission, and had a personal interview with James; and upon his return to the court of England, all he had done was approved of by the queen and council. Next year he served on board the English fleet, which engaged and worsted the Spanish armada; and he gives us a detail of the engagements, which contains little or nothing new or entertaining. In the year 1689, being left at home by the earl of Essex, our author, whose income seems to have been precarious, and his expences high, had the good fortune to win two thousand pounds in bets, by walking on foot from London to Berwick in twelve days. He then served as captain of 150 men, under the earl of Essex, in France, and was with him when he took Gournay, and when he received a peremptory order from Elizabeth to return to England, and to leave the command of the army to Sir Thomas Layton. Being sent by Essex (who had begged for longer time) to acquaint the queen of his success, he had the address and good fortune to effect a reconciliation between her majesty and Essex: but the circumstances of this negotiation are so descriptive, of both her majesty's

majesty's and our author's character, that it is proper to give them in his own words.

• Four dayes after I left my lord, I arrived at Oatlands betimes in the morning. Before I came Sir Thomas Darcy was sent back with a streight commaund for my lord to retourne, as he would answer it at his utmost perill, with commission for Sir Thomas Layton to execute the place. I spake with most of the counsaile before the queene was stirring, who assured mee that there was no removeing of her majestie from her resolution, and advised mee to take heed that I gave her no cause to be offended with mee, by perswading her for his stay, which they assured mee would do no good, but rather hurt. About ten of the clocke she sent for mee. I deliuered her my lord's letter. She presently burst out into a great rage against my lord, and vowed she would make him an example to all the world, if he presently left not his charge, and returned upon Sir Francis Darcy's coming to him. I said nothing to her till she had read his letter. She seemed to bee meanely well contented with the successe at Gornye, and then I said to her,

“ Madam, I know my lord's care is such to obey all your commands, as he will not make one hour's stay after Sir Francis hath delivered him his fatall doome ; but, madam, give me leave to let your majestie know before-hand, what you shall truely find at his retournue, after he hath had the happiness to see you, and kisse your hand. Hee doth so sensibly feele his disgrace, and however you thinke it reason for this you have done, yet the world abroad, who know not the cause of his so sodaine leaving his army to another, will esteem it a weaknesse in him, and a base cowardlinesse in him to leave the army, now, when hee should meete the king and his whole army for the besieging of Roan. You will be deceived, madam, if you think he will ever after this have to do with court or state affaires. I know his full resolution is to retire to some cell in the countrey, and to live there, as a man never desirous to looke a good man in the face againe. And in good faith, madam, to deal truely with your majestie, I thinke you will not have him a long liv'd man after his retourne. The late losse of his brother, whom he loved so dearly, and this heavy doome that you have layd upon him, will in a short time breake his heart. Then your majestie will have sufficient satisfaction for the offence he hath committed against you.”

• She

‘ She seemed to be something offended at my discourse, and
‘ bade me go to dinner. I desired her that if she pleased to
‘ command mee any service, I might know her pleasure in the
‘ afternoone, for I meant with all the haste I could make to re-
‘ tourne to my charge. I had scarce made an end of my dinner,
‘ but I was sent for to come to her againe. She delivered me a
‘ letter, written with her own hand to my lord, and bade mee
‘ tell him, that “ if there were any thing in it that did please
“ him, he should give mee thanks for it.” ‘ I humbly kifs’d
‘ her hand, and said to her, “ I hoped there was in it that
“ which would make him of the most dejected man living, a
“ new creature, rejoicing in nothing so much as that he had to
“ serve so worthy and so gracious a mistresse.”

‘ After I had with all due respects taken my leave of her, I
‘ made no long stay, but that afternoon I tooke post horse,
‘ and made for France. Thus God blessed mee in this journey,
‘ that through my poor weaknesse I procured that from her
‘ which all my lord’s friends in court, nor all her counsaile
‘ could procure.’

After this our author was knighted by Essex, a power that was commonly vested in English generals, and oftentimes in ambassadors and admirals; and being now colonel of a regiment, he served with great reputation at the siege of Roan, which had been unsuccessfully undertaken by Henry IV. and carried on in a manner very different from the sentiments of the earl of Essex. Upon Henry’s being obliged to raise the siege, he returned to the court of England, attended by our author and other principal officers, who were all of them well received by her majesty. Here he continued for two winters and a summer, and received, in a present from Elizabeth, an uncommon gratuity of a thousand pounds. He then served to very good purpose, as under-warden of the west marches to lord Scroop, with an attendance of six horsemen, and five footmen, (or rather men on foot) and an allowance of five hundred pounds a year. In this capacity we find him performing notable services against the Greens, as he calls them.

But with all due deference to the accuracy of the noble editor of this performance, it is more than to be suspected that there is a wrong reading here; and that our author certainly means the Gremes, a set of independent borderers (probably the remains of the old Meati) who lived near the wall of Severus; and as occasion, fear, or interest, prompted them, joined sometimes with the Scots, and sometimes with the English. The
Gremes

Gremes are seldom or never mentioned in any of our printed histories; but the noble editor will find frequent mention made of them in records of much superior authority, the council-books of England, during the reigns of the Tudor race; where he will find, that they were far from being destitute of importance on certain occasions.

We have been the more diffuse upon this point, because our author seems to have acquired more military glory by his services against the Gremes, than he did by any other actions in his life.

Soon after this, he fell under the queen's displeasure, for marrying a lady with a jointure of five hundred pounds a year, and five or six hundred pounds in money; he himself, at that time, having but one hundred pounds a year out of the exchequer, and that only during pleasure, and being near one thousand pounds in debt. After this we find him engaged in a law-suit with his brother and others of his relations, in which he came off with success. The queen, at that time, making great preparations for celebrating her birth-day,

‘ My businesse of law (says he) being ended, I came to court, and lodged there very privately, only I made myselfe knowne to my father and some few friends besides. I here tooke order and sent to London to provide mee things necessary for the triumph: I prepared a present for her majestie, which with my caparisons cost mee above four hundred pounds. I came into the triumph unknown of any. I was the forsaken knight that had vowed solitarinesse, but hearing of this great triumph thought to honour my mistresse with my best service, and then to retourne to pay my wonted mourning. The triumph ended, and all things well passed over to the queene's liking. I then made myselfe known in court, and for the time I stayed there was daily conversant with my old companions and friends, but it so fell out that I made no long stay there: it was upon this occasion:

‘ My brother Sir John Cary, that was then marshall of Berwick, was sent to by the king of Scottes to desire him that he would meet his majestie at the bound rode at a day appointed; for that he had a matter of great importance to acquaint his sister the queene of England withall, but he would not trust the queene's embassadour with it, nor any other, unless it were my father, or some of his children. My brother sent him word he would gladly wait on his majestie, but durst not untill he had acquainted the queene therewith, and when he had received her answer, hee would acquaint him with it. My brother sent notice to my father of the king's desire. My father

' father shewed the letter to the queene. She was not willing
 ' that my brother should stir out of the towne, but knowing
 ' (*though she would not know*) that I was in court, she said, "I
 ' heare your fine sonne that has lately married so worthily, is
 ' hereabouts; send him if you will to know the king's plea-
 ' sure." ' My father answered, hee knew I would be glad to
 ' obey her commaundes. "No (said she) do you bid him go,
 ' for I have nothing to do with him." ' My father came and
 ' told me what had passed between them. I thought it hard to
 ' be sent, and not to see her, but my father told mee plainly,
 ' that she would neither speak with mee nor see mee. "Sir,
 ' said I, if she be on such hard termes with mee, I had need be
 ' wary what I do. If I go to the king without her license, it
 ' were in her power to hang mee at my retourne, and for any
 ' thing I see, it were ill trusting her." My father merrily went
 ' to the queene, and told her what I said. She answered, "If
 ' the gentleman be so mistrustfull, let the secretary make a safe
 ' conduct to go and come, and I will sign it." ' Upon these
 ' termes I parted from court, and made all the haste for Scot-
 ' land. I stayed but one night with my wife at Carleil, and
 ' then to Barwick, and so to Edenborough, where it pleased the
 ' king to use mee very graciously; and after three or foure dayes
 ' spent in sport and merriment, he acquainted mee with what he
 ' desired the queene should know; which when I understood, I
 ' said to his majestie, "Sir, betweene subject and subject, a mes-
 ' sage may be sent and delivered without any danger; betweene
 ' two so great monarches as your majestie and my mistresse, I
 ' dare not trust my memory to be a relatour, but must desire
 ' you would be pleased to write your minde to her. If you
 ' shall think fitt to trust mee with it, I shall faithfully discharge
 ' the trust reposed in me." ' He liked the motion, and said it
 ' should be so, and accordingly I had my dispatch within foure
 ' dayes."

' I made all the haste I could to court, which was then at
 ' Hampton-Court. I arrived there on St. Steven's day in the
 ' afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where
 ' I found the lords and ladies dancing. The queene was not
 ' there. My father went to the queene, to let her know that
 ' I was retourned. She willed him to take my message or let-
 ' ters, and bring them to her. Hee came for them, but I de-
 ' fired him to excuse mee; for that which I had to say ei-
 ' ther by word or by writing, I must deliver myselfe. I could
 ' neither trust him, nor much less any other therewith. He
 ' acquainted her majestie with my resolution. With much ado
 ' I was called for in; and I was left alone with her. Our first

• encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with
 • silence. After shee had spoken her pleasure of mee and my
 • wife, I told her, that “She herselfe was the fault of my mar-
 • riage, and that if she had but graced mee with the least of
 • her favours, I had never left her nor her court; and seeing
 • she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off
 • my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my par-
 • don.” “She was not displeased with my excuse, and before
 • wee parted wee grew good friends. Then I delivered my mes-
 • sage and my papers, which shee tooke very well, and at last
 • gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her
 • princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all faults,
 • I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence, and was in
 • the court, as I was ever before.”

Such characteristical passages as the above, give memoirs of
 private subjects their credibility and utility. After this our author
 omitted no opportunity of improving his fortune, and seems to
 have succeeded pretty well. Having, upon a disgust with lord
 Scrope, resigned his place of deputy-warden, he obtained the
 captainship of Norham-Castle; and, in his father's absence, he
 acted as governor of the East marches. Sir Robert Car was
 his opposite warden, and upon our author's invitation, he seemed
 to comply with an interview for settling all differences in an
 amicable manner; but in the mean time Car, with some of his
 followers, took an English subject out of his bed, and murdered
 him before his own door, for having offended him. This insult
 threw every thing again into confusion; and our author made
 very little ceremony, in immediately hanging up the Scotch ma-
 rauders when they were taken and brought before him; *after*
trying them, however, by a jury. In the mean while he had an
 opportunity of taking a severe revenge upon Car, by hanging
 up one Bourn, Car's chief favourite, who had fallen into his
 hands, in which our author conducted himself, in a manner that
 does great honour to his humanity, as well as his justice. The
 other adventures of our author, while he continued in his office
 of warden, sometimes of the East, and sometimes of the middle
 marches; do him likewise great honour; but as they would not
 be very entertaining to our readers, we shall omit them. We can-
 not, however, omit giving, in our author's own words, another in-
 terview he had with her majesty, who had expressly ordered him
 to reside upon his wardenship, to which, upon the death of his
 father, he succeeded in chief.

• I did often (says he) sollicite Mr. Secretary for some al-
 • lowance to support me in my place, but could get no direct an-
 • swer.

swer. I sued for leave to come up myselfe, but could get none.
The March was very quiet, and all things in good order,
and I adventured without leave to come up.

The queen lay at Theobalds, and early in a morning I came
thither. I first went to Mr. Secretary, who was much trou-
bled when he saw mee, and by no meanes could I gett him to
lett the queene know that I was there, but counsailed mee to
retourne, that she might never know what I had done. When
I could do no good with him, I went to my brother, who then
was chamberlaine, after my lord Cobham's death. I found
him farre worse than the other; and I had no way to save
myselfe from some great disgrace, but to retourne without her
knowledge of my being there; for by no intreaty could I gett
him to acquaint her with it. I was much troubled, and knew
not well what to do. The queene went that day to dinner to
Enfield-House, and had toiles set up in the parke to shoot at
buckles, after dinner. I durst not be seene by her, these two
counsaillers had so terrified mee. But after dinner I went to
Enfield, and walking solitary in a very private place, exceed-
ing melancholy, it pleased God to send Mr. William Killi-
grew, one of the privy chamber, to pass by where I was
walking, who saluted mee very kindly, and bade mee wel-
come. I answered him very kindly, and he perceiving mee
very sad, and something troubled, asked mee why I was so?
I told him the reason. Hee made little reckoning of what
they had said to mee, but bade me comfort myselfe, for hee
would go presently to the queene, and tell her of my coming
up, on such a fashion, as hee did warrant me she would take
it well, and bid mee welcome. Away he went, and I stayed
for his retourne. Hee told the queene, that she was more be-
holden to one man, than to many other that made greater
shewe of their love and service. She was desirous to know
who it was. Hee told her it was myselfe; who not having
seene her for a twelvemonth and more, could no longer en-
dure to be deprived of so great a happinelle; but took post
with all speede to come up to see your majestie, and to kisse
your hand, and so to retourne instantly againe. Shee pre-
sently sent him backe for mee, and received mee with more
grace and favour than ever she had done before; and after I
had beene with her a pretty while, she was called for to go
to her sports. She arose, I tooke her by the arme, and lead
her to her standing. My brother and Mr. Secretary seeing
this, thought it more than a miracle. She continued her fa-
vour to mee the time I stayed, which was not long; for shee
tooke order I should have five hundred pounds out of the ex-

‘chequer for the time I had served, and I had a patent given mee under the great seale to be her warden of the East March.’
 ‘And thus was I preserved by a pretty jeaft, when wise men thought I had wrought my own wracke.’

His conduct during his continuance in that very dangerous and difficult post of warden was resolute, but, at the same time politic; for though he did his duty to his country, he acquired the esteem and friendship of king James. He happened to come to Elizabeth’s court, while that great princess was on her death-bed; she knew and treated him most affectionately.

‘On Wednesday (says he) the twenty-third of March, she grew speechless. That afternoone, by signes, she called for her councill, and by putting her hand to her head, when the king of Scottes was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reigne after her.’

It is with the utmost reluctance we would insert any thing that might discourage the noble editor from gracing the profession of an author, but somewhat of very public importance having twice fallen from his pen, on account of the above passage, we cannot, in justice to the public, but animadvert upon what his lordship says. He rejects the common and strongly supported opinion, that Elizabeth named James for her successor, and, says his lordship in the preface, ‘The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased, were immediately convinced, that the motion of her hand to her head, was a declaration of James VI. as her successor. What was this, but the unanimous interpretations of persons who were adoring the rising sun?’

And in the notes upon the above passage, says his lordship, ‘The sign here mentioned is a true and indisputable fact; otherwise it would not have been inserted by the plain, sincere, and ingenuous author of these Memoirs, who was present at the time the sign was made. But still it remains a doubt whether the queen intended it for a sign or not. The lords present pretended to think it one.’

The noble editor seems to have read the passage, he grounds his opinion upon, too hastily. His author DOES NOT say he was present when the queen gave the sign; nor is it probable he was, because he was no privy counsellor. Nay, from Cary’s own words, it is almost certain he was not present: for in the very next paragraph, the archbishop and her chaplains are called

called in, 'At which time, (says he) I went in with them'; and then he gives a very circumstantial account of his own sorrowful posture in the bed-room, and of the queen's last moments, which having been published by another editor, as well as his lordship, shall be omitted here. But even admitting, against all probability and evidence, that Cary was in the room when the privy counsellors talked to her majesty about her successor, is it not reasonable to believe, that he might, by his rank, be kept at so great a distance from the couch, as not to be able to hear the words, though he might see the sign?

Mean while our author wrote to James, informing him of the queen's desperate condition; and that if she died, he would be the first man who should bring him news of it. He was as good as his word; for though his journey upon the queen's death was stopped by the express command of the privy council, and himself detained, in a manner, prisoner within the palace-gates, yet he took an opportunity of pressing out along with his brother lord Hunsdon, who, when the porter would have stopped him, said angrily to the porter, 'Let him out, I will answer for him.' Upon which he escaped, and instantly taking horse, he performed his promise to James; an action which, (considering his brother's word was pledged for his not doing it) even his noble editor seems to think, was in point of honour not very defensible.

But Cary had been concerned in more intrigues than appear by his Memoirs. When he came to James, he presented him with a blue ring, from a fair lady, as his credential, which James no sooner took and looked upon, than he was satisfied 'he was a true messenger.' We have in the Memoirs no intimation who this lady was, or what had passed between her and Cary.

James, in return, made our author gentleman of his bed-chamber; but the fickle king soon deserted him, and having lost his wardenship, he was likewise turned out of the bed-chamber; but from the information he had of the king's humour, "tho' he had a sad heart, yet still, says he, before the king, "I shewed myself merry and jovial." But at that time every thing was ineffectual for re-instating him in his majesty's good graces. His wife, who seems to have been a notable woman, was, however, more fortunate, and got in to be a bed-chamber woman to the queen, and mistress of the sweet coffer, that is, mistress of her robes; while her husband was so mortified, that being obliged to part with Norham castle to a favourite, (for a

good sum of money, however) and to repair thither to put him in possession, he took it into his head to pay a visit to prince Charles, the king's second son, who on account of his infancy and weakness remained still at Dumferling palace in Scotland. Here he got the friendship of the earl of Dumfermling, chancellor of Scotland, and his lady; and by their interest, when the young prince was brought to England, the tuition of him was committed to lady Cary, our author's wife. The prince was what the vulgar call *tongue-tack'd*, and was so feeble in his joints, that the king proposed to have the strings under his tongue cut, and that he should be put into a steel boot, the first to enable him to speak, and the latter to walk. But lady Cary remonstrated against both so effectually, that neither was put into execution; and his royal highness, through her management, surprisingly recovered strength, and got rid of the impediment of his speech, and the weakness of his joints.

The prince, when about eleven years of age, being put into the hands of male tutors, lady Cary had a pension allowed her of 400 l. a year, and continued in her place about the queen. The household of prince Charles being settled, our author, by the interest of the earl of Suffolk, was appointed chief gentleman of his bed-chamber, and master of his robes. As the character of that nobleman is very questionable in point of integrity, and as our author gives no intimation why he should shew him so much friendship, he had, perhaps, some very *feeling* motives for the part he acted: for the chief argument his lordship made use of in our author's favour was, that he understood dress very well, and therefore was a proper person to serve his highness as master of the robes.

Upon the death of prince Henry, eldest son to king James, prince Charles succeeded to be prince of Wales, and our author managed so well that he was made his chamberlain, and continued in his place of the bed-chamber; and had interest enough with the queen consort, to oblige the earl of Roxborough, who had made great interest for the chamberlainship, to retire in disgrace to Scotland. Upon the death of that princess, Cary's wife lost all her places about court, which put him to the expence of one thousand pounds a year in housekeeping, he and his wife having lived before at the queen's expence. Tho' he was now sixty years of age, yet, when the prince of Wales, with the duke of Buckingham, made their mad journey to Spain, he was sent after them by James, and was a month with them at Madrid; where, notwithstanding his age, and the heat
of

of the climate, he says "he had a greater stomach to his victuals than he ever had had in his youth;" but the purport of his commission we know not.

Upon the death of James, he lost the place of chamberlain he held under the prince of Wales; but Charles, in lieu of it, gave him five hundred pounds a year in fee-farm, and to his heirs for ever, besides continuing him of his bed-chamber. Before this, he had been created by Charles, baron of Leppington; and he succeeded so well in the royal favour, that he was afterwards made earl of Monmouth by the same sovereign; and here his narrative concludes.

This performance has a long preface by the noble editor, which proves that his lordship's *forte* lies not in history or politics. Great part of it anticipates, without any apparent reason or necessity, what we afterwards read in the Memoirs; and the remainder contains quotations from Camden, to prove that the queen gave her generals and admirals a power to make knights; a point that never was unknown or doubted of by the meekest novice in English history. His lordship even descends to animadvert upon Rapin, the most uninformed historian that ever attempted a general history; and in the rest of the preface we are told, that the Marches between the two kingdoms were so called, because *the inhabitants were always ready to march*. Had his lordship not consulted those worst of all authorities, Lexicons (Sir Henry Spelman's excepted) he would have found a much more natural etymology of that word. His lordship then informs us, that he copied the Memoirs from a manuscript, entrusted to him by lady Elizabeth Spelman; and, after terming Dr. Birch *his worthy and learned friend*, we are told, that anecdotes of our English history have ever been sought after with great eagerness. This is too melancholy a truth; for it is owing to *anecdote-monging*, that the English history, from the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, is more implicated with confusion and contradiction than any other history in the known world.

ART. VIII. *A Letter to Tobias Smollet, M. D. occasioned by his Criticism on a late Translation of Tibullus, by Dr. Grainger.*
8vo. Price 6d. Kinnerley.

WHAT right Dr. James Grainger has to address himself in this manner to Dr. Tobias Smollett, on account of an article in the Critical Review, we shall not pretend to enquire:

yet, as Dr. Smollett has never owned himself author of this Review, the public will at once determine how far Dr. James Grainger has, on this occasion, acted with decency and candour. Perhaps the best apology that can be made for the said Dr. Grainger, not only with respect to the manner, but also touching the matter of his expostulation, would be, to declare him at once *non compos*; and, in that case, we should neglect this production as the effect of lunacy. Certain it is, the poor man seems to have written with the flaver at his mouth; and the wisest course his friends can take with this furious bard, is to keep him from the use of pen, ink, and paper. We know that Dr. Smollett has been congratulated by some of his best friends on this attack, so replete with dullness and illiberal abuse: we shall not therefore, as Dr. Grainger seems to apprehend, retaliate upon him with the epithets of *whipt Cur*, *Dunce*, and *Poetaster*: we shall leave that task to those who are condemned to read his works, and calmly consider the objections he has raised to the sentence we pronounced upon his translation of Tibullus; sensible as we are of the truth of that line which he himself has quoted from Mr. Pope;

A fool quite angry, is quite innocent.

But, previous to this consideration, it may not be amiss to observe, that the surest criterion of conscious dullness irritated, is the practice of personal abuse. Dr. James Grainger, not contented with exposing the supposed critick as an author, drops some shrewd hints concerning his private affairs; and has, in the Christian name of that gentleman, found a very extraordinary fund of humour and ridicule. Had the parents of Dr. Smollett foreseen that this circumstance would turn out so much to his disadvantage, they certainly would have given him some other appellation than that of *Tobias*, which, with the unlucky diminutive *Toby*, has been such a humorous source of triumph to his adversaries. We wonder that the facetious Dr. Grainger, and his witty coadjutors, had not ransacked the Apocrypha for the story of *Tobit*, in whose eyes the *sparrows muted warm dung*; and of his son *Tobias*, who went forth, and *his dog went with him*. What abundance of waggish things might have been said by this sprightly triumvirate, of *Tobit's* blindness, which even the physicians could not cure, of his altercation with his wife *Anna*, and of *Toby* and his dog! But, alas! Dr. James Grainger and his beef-eaters are but humble imitators, even in this species of wit. Other writers, of the same rank, have happily punned upon the *cognomen*, as he has sported upon the *prenom*
of

of the unfortunate critick. Whoever looks into the works of that stupendous genius Dr. H—ll, will see *Smollett* tortured into *Smallhead* and *Smallwit*; and, in the progress of dullness, we doubt not but we shall meet with it in many other disguises. After all, the dunces of the last age have been beforehand with all these worthies. They not only punned upon the denomination of *Alexander Pope*, but even wrote a poem against him, intitled *Sawney*. Think not, reader, we presume to compare Dr. Smollett, as a writer, with Mr. *Pope*: we are sensible of the infinite disparity; but in one respect their fate is similar. They have been both abused, belied, and accused of ignorance, malice, and want of genius, by the confessed dunces of the age, at a time when their works were read and approved, at least, as much as those of any other English cotemporary author. The first instance of honesty and candour we find in this curious production fathered by Dr. Grainger, is that of his pretending to distinguish the part which Dr. Smollett has written in the Critical Review, and his ranking him, ironically, as next to *Zoilus* in criticism. How Dr. James Grainger comes to have such a sagacious nose, we cannot conceive; knowing, as we do, how often his brother terriers have failed on the same scent: but, surely, nothing can be more just than to charge Dr. Smollett with the malevolent spirit of a *Zoilus*, considering that he is supposed to have censured the works of that second *Homer*, Dr. James Grainger.

We think we hear the reader exclaim, "Who the duce is this Dr. Grainger?" Have a little patience, gentle reader, and we will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity. It would be a diverting sight to see all those great geniuses assembled, whose works the Critical Reviewers have presumed to disapprove. They would form a groupe worthy of Hogarth's pencil, and perhaps throw some new light upon the dispute concerning *character* and *caricatura*. We have heard of a famous picture called *Death's Dance*: suppose some artist should draw *Dunce's Dance*, and represent Dr. James Grainger with an owl perched upon his shoulder, at the lower end, reciting his own translation of *Tibullus* by way of musick. This sublime genius, in the pride of his learning and discernment, makes the following very extraordinary declaration. 'I shall pass over the muster-roll of criticks, whom you have pompously cited in his favour, many of whose writings I know you never saw, having been indebted for their very names to *Broekhusius*, whom you so much affect to despise.'—We would ask Dr. James Grainger, how he knows that the Reviewer never saw the writings of those authors; and that he was indebted for their very names to *Broekhusius*?—Did Dr.

Smollett ever own to you, in confidence, that he had never seen those authors?—No.—Do you know it then by inspiration?—Before we can adopt this opinion, we must have better proofs of your being inspired, than any we meet with in your translation of Tibullus.—We will affirm, in our turn, that you do not—you cannot know whether or not he ever saw those authors; and that your other assertion, with respect to *Broekhuysius*, is diametrically opposite to truth. As these assertions cannot well be the effect of misinformation or mistake, we would again ask you, Dr. James Grainger, whether you think an indifferent critick, or a propagator of untruth, is the more contemptible character? What sort of criticks we are, the world has already determined: what sort of a critick you are, we shall endeavour to shew. In your Life of Tibullus you undertook to prove, that the poet was not poor, contrary to the poet's own confession. Your reasons for thinking and asserting that he never was poor, are these: '*Paupertas* signified mediocrity of fortune: Horace expressly says to him, *Dii tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi*: indigence will not admit of the *vita iners*, to which Tibullus says he was delivered over: Tibullus was the favourite of *Messala*: and, finally, every Westminster-boy, in the third form, would have told us, that no person could enjoy the Equestrian privileges at Rome, whose estate did not at least amount to 3000 *l.* sterling.'—To all these arguments we answer, *paupertas* at all times signified *poverty*; and he that felt *paupertas* was literally *poor*. A man may be poor, and yet not absolutely in want. A day-labourer is poor, yet enjoys the necessities of life. Tibullus worked as a peasant in his own farm; he helped to shear the sheep, and hold the plough, if we may believe his own words: these employments considered, with his reverse of fortune, and his own expression, *mea paupertas*, are strong presumptions, if not positive proofs, that he was literally poor, though not a beggar. Horace's saying to him, *Dii tibi divitias dederunt*, &c. proves nothing but that he had once been rich; a truth we never contested: therefore nothing could be more ridiculous and absurd than to advance it on this occasion. With respect to the *vita iners*, a man may be very poor, and yet indolent. Dr. James Grainger, who has, we understand, made a tour of the highlands of Scotland for his improvement, must have seen many instances of poor men delivered over to the *vita iners*. Should he ever make an excursion to the plantations in North America, he may see among the Indians numberless examples of sloth, conjoined with extreme poverty. A contemplative man will often choose to bear the inconveniences attending poverty, rather than exert himself in any active or industrious employment, by which he might acquire wealth.

Instances

Instances of this disposition are without number. Messala might be fond of Tibullus's company, without ever dreaming of bettering his fortune. We could produce divers instances of men of talents who were carested by the great, and admitted even into their parties of pleasure, without ever being able to obtain more substantial marks of their favour: but, in all likelihood, Tibullus was not of an humour to lay himself under obligations that might have forced him from his natural byass, and engaged him in the active scenes of life.—He was enamoured of independence; and chose rather to be master in his own cottage, than slave to the humours of the greatest man in Rome. But the last reason produced by that reservoir of learning, Dr. James Grainger, is the very essence of hypercritical sagacity. *A school-boy could tell us, that no person could be admitted into the Equestrian order, whose estate did not amount to 3000 l.—* Now, Dr. James Grainger, with all due deference to your profound erudition, we apprehend that any boy, whether of Westminster, or of Wapping, could tell you, that if the qualification for a seat in the Equestrian bench, had been rated at thirty thousand, instead of three thousand pounds, the said knight might have spent that money in one annual revolution of the sun. Unless you can prove the contrary, good, wise Dr. Grainger, this argument you have brought in, as the consummation of evidence, will prove nothing but the weakness of your conceit. Horace tells us, that Tigellius, a singer, spent in five days, *Decies H. S.* above eight thousand pounds sterling. Macrobius, lib. 2. Saturn. mentions a Roman knight who ran in debt above sixteen thousand pounds. Decimus Laberius, a Roman knight, received pay as a mime, or farce-actor, on the stage. Julius Cæsar himself had contracted so much debt, that, before he obtained any foreign command, he was eight hundred thousand pounds worse than nothing. Tacitus tells us of some knights so poor, that they petitioned to be removed from the Equestrian dignity, which their circumstances could not support. We shall wave the opinion of some authors, who suppose that the following sentence of Horace alludes to Tibullus; *nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius utque Barrus inops.* We are contented to believe this was another person; but, still we have a right to ask of Dr. James Grainger, that gulph of learning, that mirror of poetry, whether he now thinks that any school-boy of Westminster, in the third form, would, in such a dispute, have insisted on such an argument, as a *coup de grace* that would put an end to the controversy?—

Spare your reflections, Dr. James Grainger, with respect to the Reviewer's learning; and not a word, if you please, of the
petrified

petrified child converted into an author, lest we declare the whole to be a scandalous piece of calumny, which you have repeated at third hand from your great pattern and brother critick, Dr. Sh—re. Dullness is not altogether incompatible with truth: you may be scurrilous enough, God knows, without deviating into downright falshood. The disgrace (if there be any) of mistaking *Lithopædus Senonensis* for an author, lies at the door of a very honest gentleman, who never valued himself on his book learning. But, for the joke's sake, let us suppose that Dr. Smollett had mistaken the word *Lithopædus Senonensis* for a proper name. Surely you are not so ignorant as not to know, that many of the Greek proper names are no other than compound epithets; such as Sophocles, Xenophon, Lycophron, Anacreon, Theophilus, &c. that, at a certain æra, the Dutch and German genū assumed Greek epithets as proper names, witness the celebrated Gerard van Gerard, who took the name of *Erasmus*, and *Melancthon*, alias *Hippophilus*, whose true name was George Schwartzerd. You have, doubtless, heard of Buchanan's calling *Piercy*, *Plexippus*, and *Wishart*, *Sophocardium*. *Lithopædus Senonensis* might therefore have been either a name translated, assumed, or given to a writer on midwifery. If, for example, any author should take it in his head to transmit you to posterity, under the denomination of *Lithocephalus Edinburgensis*, i. e. *Hard-head of Edinburgh*, or some such apposite term, James Grainger might be lost in oblivion, and nothing of him but this petrefaction remain. In that case, indeed, some future hypercritick of your kidney may, with good reason, dispute that ever such a poet as *Lithocephalus* existed; and affirm, that the writer who mentioned the circumstance was an ignorant fellow, that mistook a petrified brain for a translator of *Tibullus*.

The third deviation from truth, which we meet with in the pamphlet of this honest gentleman, is his asserting, in a note, that Dr. Smollett, in his account of a late ingenious treatise on *Health*, arraigns the author for not having taken notice of Dr. Armstrong's poem on that subject, &c. This charge either proves that Dr. Grainger's knack in discovering Dr. Smollett by his stile, is not infallible, or that he conceals his knowledge for the purposes of defamation; for that article was neither written nor revised by Dr. Smollett. If a less venerable personage than that of Dr. James Grainger had been reduced to this dilemma, in point of character, one might ask him, with some appearance of reason, whether he thought himself more knave than fool, or more fool than knave?

We shall talk no more of those inaccuracies that were amended in the *errata*, which we overlooked: our mistake in these articles we have already acknowledged: nor shall we dwell on Dr. Grainger's Life of Tibullus, which he himself owns has little or nothing to inform, interest, or amuse the reader.

But now let us proceed to the next heavy charge brought against Dr. Tobias Smollett, implying, that the said Doctor depends on writing by the hour-glass for his daily bread. Besides the wit, humour, argument, and delicacy contained in this reflection, it is remarkably curious in two respects. First, that it should be held reproachful in a man to live by his talent of writing; and secondly, that this reproach should be hinted by Dr. James Grainger. Whenever we think that the employment of writing for subsistence requires an apology, we shall know how to excuse it: at present we would desire Dr. James Grainger to take notice, that the dishonour does not lie in writing, but in writing without genius. Dr. Smollett has been a professed author from his early youth, and generally succeeded in many different kinds of writing. It would be superfluous to say more in behalf of a man so universally known, whose works are at this day bought up with avidity, and read with applause by half the nation. But the most astonishing circumstance of this charge, is, that it should be advanced by Dr. James Grainger, who, for many years, has been endeavouring, in the darkest shade of obscurity, to earn a subsistence by the same occupation; who has condescended to piece the compilations of superannuated dullness at the bookseller's lowest price, and even been obliged to pay a printer's journeyman for translating his copy into English: the performance we forbear to name, out of tenderness to the proprietor, that we may not renew his affliction, in calling up the ghost of a book by which he has lost a considerable sum, though the author wrote for the wages of a journeyman mechanic. Dr. Grainger ought to remember how he was rejected as a writer in a certain Biographical Dictionary; and in what manner he has laboured, as an obscure hireling, in the Monthly Review, under the inspection and correction of an illiterate bookseller; who has often declared, that he (Grainger) had some learning and taste, but could not write a sentence of English.

With respect to the *heavy article of housekeeping*, we conceive Dr. James Grainger might, with great propriety, have avoided that reflection, unless he could prove that ever Dr. Smollett solicited him to defray any part of his domestic expences. That Dr. Smollett does keep house, and lives like a gentleman, divers authors

authors of the age can testify, and among the rest Dr. James Grainger, who has been hospitably treated at his table. Whether the translator of Tibullus ever kept house, we shall not enquire; because we cannot see any reason for introducing such an inquiry into a literary contest. Unhappily for this bard, he appears to have copied that enormous wit the I—r, in both these articles of expostulation. Dr. H—ll, in his dispute with W—d, upbraided this last with his profession of player, after he himself had made his appearance as a stroller in a booth at May-Fair, and been hissed off the stage in his attempt to act on a more creditable theatre: the very same prodigy of genius, candour, and veracity, took it in his head, without the least provocation, to write a pamphlet against Dr. Smollett; in which he had the modesty to tax that gentleman with poverty, at a time when he knew himself a bankrupt, and expected every moment to see an execution brought into his own house.

If the world will take Dr. James Grainger's word for it, *authors have been solicited to send characters of their own works to the Critical Review, which not a few have complied with.* How Dr. Grainger comes to be so much in the secrets of the Critical Review, we cannot comprehend: we shall only make three short remarks on this imputation. In the first place, it is altogether inconsistent with the charge of universal malevolence which he has brought against us, and endeavoured to support through the whole course of his pamphlet; therefore absurd: secondly, it is not true; therefore scandalous: thirdly, Dr. James Grainger, in all probability, would have been glad to have found it true; therefore he ought to have been silent on this subject.

The *Smolletian* couplet, on which he attempts to be merry, was never intended as an elegant poetical version; but merely as something that conveyed the poet's meaning, which the translator had not rendered. Dr. Smollett does not value himself upon being a great poet; but we believe he would not thank us for comparing him, even in that character, with such a poetaster as the world allows Dr. Grainger to be. But why he should object to the word *spittle's* being introduced into the translation, we cannot conceive, as the operation of spitting is described in the original. Besides, he himself, in another part of the same translation, uses the very word *spit*, without any scruple of apology. Vol. I. p. 33.

“Spit thrice, my fair, and thrice the charm repeat.”

He proposes (if we mistake not) to translate Tibullus, and therefore the reader will naturally expect to see Tibullus translated.

lated. Let us see then whether this couplet, on which he is so clamorous, bears any resemblance in meaning to what he calls the translation :

*Hunc puer, hunc juvenis arta circumferet turba ;
Despuit in molles, & sibi quisque sinus.*

Thus rendered by Dr. Grainger :

- At such preposterous love, each school-boy sneers,
- Shuns as an omen, or pursues with fleers.'

In the original there is not a word mentioned of *preposterous* love, nor of *stunning* ; but, on the contrary, the boys and youths crowded around him ; nor of *sneering*, nor of *fleering*. In the translation there is not the least mention of the *arta turba*, nor the *despuit in molles sinus*. Will any man, therefore, in his right senses, say that this is a translation of Tibullus ? We need not comment upon the harmony of the English couplet, which speaks for itself. We would not advise the author, however, to appear with a ticket on his back, specifying this his last labour, lest the school-boys should serve him as they did the old lover in *Tibullus* ; first spit, and then pursue him with fleers.

Take back your Batavian ears again, if you please, good Dr. Jemmy Grainger ; for by none can they be so properly worn as by the modern translator of Tibullus. The word *noiseless* we have given up. Since it has been used by Shakespeare and Dryden, let it pass for an English word ; but we appeal to every man, who can distinguish sounds, how far the following line of Dr. Grainger is suitable to the softness and fluency we might expect in a love poem :

“ The floor tread *noiseless*, *noiseless* turn the key.”

The line could not have hissed more disagreeably if the author had been a serpent.

You tell us, Dr. Jemmy Grainger, that *redoubtable* is adopted by Pope : but we tell you, that even Pope's adoption will not make it a native of England. Foreign words, we apprehend, Dr. Jemmy, are not to be used in the English language, except when we cannot find a native term to express our meaning : now as this is not the case with the word *redoubtable*, which may be englished either by *terrible*, or *formidable*, Pope's adoption was inexcusable. Dryden adopted the word *fraicheur* ; but, I believe, even you, with all your philological merit, will not undertake to prove that it is, or ought to be, inserted in the catalogue of English words. Lord Bolingbroke has adopted *volupte*, *opiniatre*, and *develop*, and he is counted one of the most elegant English

English writers: yet you will hardly affirm, that these foreign words have been, or ought to be, naturalized even upon his authority; therefore your quoting Pope and Dryden is nothing to the purpose.

We said that *feud* was a Scotch term: we say so still, however it may have been adopted by Addison, or other English writers. It signifies deadly hate, a combination of kindred or tribes to revenge an injury; but how it can be applied to the *Rixe amantium*, we leave Dr. James Grainger to explain.

We cannot help observing what a peculiar knack this bard has at poaching for harsh, uncouth, obsolete, or unlicensed words, and inserting them in a translation of love-sonnets.

This choleric gentleman, not contented with discharging his filth at Dr. Smollett, has a squint likewise at the translator of Orlando Furioso, seemingly for no other reason but because that gentleman's work is commended by the authors of the Critical Review. We shall adhere to our former opinion, that the translation of Ariosto's poem is one of the best in our language, until the public shall deny that the new translation of Tibullus is one of the worst in any language; a truth which, we believe, will never be contested. Every man of sentiment, learning, and integrity, who understands the Orlando Furioso; who considers its great length, surprising variety, and numerous peculiarities, and fairly compares it with the translation, will be amazed at the powers as well as the perseverance of the translator: he will find in the work such fidelity as no other translator ever preserved for his author: he will find it a grammar and dictionary, for the purpose of learning the Italian language in the most delightful manner; and, consequently own, that the performance is altogether stupendous. The epitaph of Ariosto, which Dr. Grainger has quoted in derision, we never recommended as a piece of extraordinary merit; but only inserted it as an extract, by way of specimen: but, even as it is, let it be compared with an equal number of the lines we could cull from the translation of Tibullus; and, we fancy, this would prove but a sorry jest to Dr. James Grainger.

This honest critic, with his usual candour and sagacity, has found that a certain pamphlet, intituled, *The Observer observed*, supposed to be written by the translator of *Ariosto*, was ridiculed in the Critical Review. This article he knows by the *style* to have been written by Dr. Smollett; and he concludes the same person wrote the encomium on the translation of Ariosto. To account for this flagrant inconsistency, of censuring an author in one place, and praising him in another, he very archly gives the

the reader to understand, that after the *Observer observed* was published, the author being a gentleman of fortune, bribed Dr. Smollett with an invitation to his country-house, and a belly-full of venison and claret; which had such an effect upon the said Smollett, that he has been the Squire's devoted admirer and champion ever since. He then observes, that if he had a country-house at the distance of fifty miles from London, he would not keep company with such *authorlings*. Do you then really think, good, wise, modest Dr. James Grainger, that a man who writes indifferently in one way, cannot possibly write well in another? If you really think so, how could you yourself have the conscience to attempt a translation of Tibullus, after you had been so unfortunate in your *Physic, History, and Biography*? If you think a man who has failed in prose, may yet succeed in poetry, then it is possible that the same person who disapproved of the gentleman's pamphlet, might yet applaud his poetical translation. But, who told you that the author of the *Observer observed* is the same person with the translator of Ariosto? Did you find out that secret by means of his printer, as you pretended to have discovered that the account of your work, in the *Critical Review*, was written by Dr. Smollett? If you did not, what right have you to father it upon a gentleman by whom it was never owned. We will suppose, however, he was author of both the works in question; does it follow that they were both criticized by the same hand? Or, is it impossible that two persons, who wrote in the same Review, should be of different opinions touching the same performance?

The *Critical Review* is not written by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally. The principal writers in the *Critical Review* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other.

To let you into another secret, the pamphlet and the poem were criticized by different pens; though, it seems, you, with all your boasted penetration, could not distinguish the one from the other: thus your charge of inconsistency at once falls to the ground.

When we hear Dr. Grainger accuse Dr. Smollett of being biassed in his integrity by a good dinner, we are inclined to believe that the imputation comes from a hungry belly, when the accuser feels the full force of the temptation. If that was the case, he might have fed himself into better humour, without going fifty miles from London. All those who are acquainted

quainted with Dr. Smollet know, that for every dinner he ever received, he has given fifty at least; and that his house is always open to those who have recourse to his hospitality. But, perhaps, Dr. Grainger would not keep company with such an *authorling*. We doubt not but the reader will laugh at this appellation given by poet Grainger, who may be justly stiled *poetarum obscurorum longe obscurissimus*, to an author of Dr. Smollett's reputation. Indeed, the circumstance is so ridiculous, we cannot persuade ourselves that poet Grainger himself is serious on the subject.

We never questioned that there was such a word as *tepid*; but quoted *tepid tears* as an insipid tautology, both in Latin and in English: and this opinion we shall not retract, until Dr. Grainger, or some of his friends, shall shew that a living animal can shed tears that are not *tepid*.

With respect to that curious line,

In one sad tenour my existence flows;

we shall not give ourselves any farther trouble about it, because we take the absurdity of it to be self-evident. It is diverting enough to hear Dr. James Grainger ask, by way of triumph, how existence is to be represented on canvass? as if it was the business of the Review to shew. If you, Dr. James Grainger, have, out of your own head, produced a nonsensical metaphor, are we obliged to change its nature? If there is one word in the original of *tenour*, or *existence*, either *trickling*, *dripping*, or *flowing*, we will own ourselves to blame for finding fault with the image. Tibullus says,

*Servitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis,
Et nunquam misero vincla remittet amor.*

“ But melancholy servitude is inflicted: I am held in chains;
“ and never more will love unbind this wretch's fetters.”

Now, Sir, may not we apply to your learned disquisition on the word *tenour*, “ how *fluent* nonsense trickles from his pen?” Or, as we were talking of the verb *flow*, cull another motto from the same poet—

“ Flow, Grainger, flow! like thine inspirer, beer;
“ Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
“ So sweetly maukish, and so smoothly dull,
“ Heady, not strong, and foaming, tho' not full.”

The next charge of ignorance levelled against us by poet Grainger, relates to the meaning of the word *inferis*, (which this bard

bard has metamorphosed into *inferas*, by his own power and authority) in the first ode of Horace:

“ Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris
“ Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.”

We presumed to say that this was an image of planting, which Sanadon has degraded into that of giving votes at an election. Poet Grainger says this is an absurd supposition; for *infero* signifies to rank with, or place among, as well as to plant: therefore Horace must have made use of the first meaning, rather than of the second. By the same way of arguing, Dr. James Grainger may in future times be proved a *parson*, not a *physician*. For example: *Doctor* is a title in divinity, as well as in medicine; *ergo*, Dr. Grainger was a divine. But, saith he, Horace could not be so absurd as to compare himself to a tree. This is the very cream and flower of criticism.—Pray, Doctor, did you never read the work of your brother poets and translators, Sternhold and Hopkins, intituled *The psalms of David in metre*? In the very first page of that celebrated performance you will meet with the following description of a good man:

“ He shall be like a tree that is
“ Planted the rivers nigh,
“ Which in due season bringeth forth
“ Its fruit abundantly.”

In Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII. you will meet with the following celebrated passage:

“ This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
“ The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
“ And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
“ The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
“ And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
“ His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;
“ And then he falls as I do.”—

Ha, ha, ha! cries the great critic and poet Grainger, what a figure the cardinal would make upon canvass, were he represented budding and blossoming like *Daphne* in the fable. Truce with your mirth, good Doctor: do you set up for a poet, without knowing the difference between a simile and the thing itself? Is not every metaphor a short simile, and always considered as such, without the ceremony of pointing out the similitude with an *as*, or *like as*, or any such intimation. When I say a person *boils with rage*, does any man in his right wits suppose I meant that the person was actually boiling in a kettle? Though it should be said that poet Grainger *overflows with gall*,

or swells with envy, no body would expect to see bile actually flowing from him, or to find his body literally inflated; yet the metaphors overflowing, and swelling, would have their due effect. You may be properly said to brood over your disappointment, though you are not really in the attitude of incubation, sitting upon the latter part of Maitland's history of Scotland.

These remarks being premised, we apprehend that Horace might with propriety compare himself to a tree, which being planted in a generous soil, would in time with due culture bring forth leaves, flowers, and fruit, and stretch his lofty boughs to heaven. Now, Dr. Grainger, this we still affirm to be a noble image, without assigning any degrading office to Mæcenas. Planting was the amusement and occupation of the patriarchs and fathers of mankind, and always considered as an honourable employment: that it was a pleasing pastime you will hardly deny; or, if you do, it will be unnecessary to refute your opinion. Horace will appear much more absurd, if you can prove that he did not compare himself to a tree: he must then be supposed to say, *If you will rank me among the Lyric poets, I will strike the stars with my lofty head.* Will his being ranked among the lyric bards, make him taller, so as to justify the expression of *sublimis vertex*; or would it enable him to leap with such agility, that his head must strike the stars: *ἐς ἑξάντον ἄμυν ἀλεῦμαι*, as Dacier translates it, *je sauterai au ceil.* After all, we leave it to the public to determine, whether Horace would make the most ridiculous figure, in the simile of a tall spreading tree, or, in *propria persona*, leaping like a grub or grasshopper, until his head bounces against the stars. At any rate Sanadon's translation is nonsense; for he makes Horace say, *if you will give me a place among the lyric poets, your vote for that purpose will secure me beforehand, in possession of immortality.* So that, after having put him in the place, he is desired to favour him with his vote and interest. Mr. Francis seems to have been aware of this absurdity, which he accordingly avoids: therefore you are mistaken, Dr. James Grainger, when you say we call Mr. Francis one of his implicit followers. We respect the genius of that gentleman, who, in our opinion, has great poetical merit. But your lugging in Mr. Francis by the head and shoulders, puts us in mind of the obscure Arragonian author of a second part of Don Quixotte, who in his abusive preface, complained that Cervantes had spoken disrespectfully of him and Lope de Vega; thus joining two names that no other mortal would ever have dreamed of bringing together. You exhort us, good Dr. Grainger, to be more conversant with Johnson's dictionary, and, upon more than one occasion, send forth that great name, like a tall beadle with a long staff at the head

head of a parish procession. We have looked into that work, and found, that even Johnson is not infallible. He has, for example, mistaken the word *aloft* for *aloof*, and misquoted Milton for his authority.

“ Where the great luminary
 “ *Aloof* the vulgar constellations thick,
 “ That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 “ Dispenses light from far—”

You will not, we presume, maintain that here *aloft* ought to be used instead of *aloof*. We have likewise seen his definition of a *dab-chick*, which he calls a chicken newly hatched; though in fact it is a water-fowl: and perhaps, what is more extraordinary, we find him giving *Sabbath* and *Sabaoth* as synonymous words, though every old woman that reads her prayers can tell, that the first signifies *rest*, and the other *hosts* or *armies*. We seek not to swell the catalogue of such mistakes; neither will we, in imitation of critic Grainger, affirm that none but ignorant block-heads could mistake so grossly the meaning of an English word. Remember, however, that as your great oracle, Mr. Johnson, the dictionary-writer, has been caught tripping more than once, even when deliberately walking in his own beaten path; we, in the hurry of a monthly publication, may sometimes stumble, without incurring the imputation of ignorance and presumption. As for your comment on the phrase *ware-grinders*, which has something of the air of a *Cartel*, if you have any curiosity to try the grinders of the person who criticized your translation of *Ti-bullus*, we will venture to promise that he will not decline the experiment. With respect to your notes, we thought them dull, and if you can convince the public of the contrary, we shall be satisfied: but we could have wished you had pointed out these horrid infernal scenes in *Peregrine Pickle*, a performance you have introduced so much to the purpose. *Peregrine Pickle*, doubtless has its faults: but, with all its faults, the world has allowed it some merit, and bought off a very large impression of the book. Before you had made this desperate thrust at *Peregrine*, you should have staid till some of your works had come to a second edition. You rail at us for objecting to the phrase *matulam poscentis*, and recriminate upon Dr. Smollet, who you say, has so often distinguished himself by high-flavoured jokes, and delicate allusions, acquired probably in some such favourite seminary as the bloody bowl, in Hanging-sword alley. You seem to mistake the meaning of the reviewer. He did not find fault with the chamber-pot itself, but with the commentator by whom it was misplaced. A very good joke may be derived from a chamber-pot. Did you never hear of the city mem-

ber, who in a club of patriots, started up to make a speech, and happening to overturn a well replenished chamber-pot, repeated these lines of Horace?

“ Hoc fonte derivata clades

“ In patriam populumque fluxit ?”

But we do not suppose Broekhusius intended any joke by bringing in the *Matula*; and though you assure us, that you repeated the note by way of joke, you laugh so equivocally, that one does not know how to distinguish between your mirth and your sadness. As you have undertaken to refute all our criticism, why have you so slyly flurred over that part which relates to your translating *the sonus digiti*, by the action of *beckoning*. If there are high-flavoured jokes in some of Dr. Smollet's pieces, there is a greater number of them, still more high flavoured, to be found in the works of Cervantes, Rabelais, and Dean Swift; and the nicest noses have not scrupled to smell them with pleasure. But what think you of your own joke, which you have borrowed from Catullus, about the *cacata charta*? And what do you think of your own modesty, in presuming to insinuate, that a man who always maintained the character of a gentleman, has probably frequented the haunts of thieves and murderers? Whether do you exhibit this, as a specimen of your humour or your honesty? Did you ever hear Dr. Smollet accused of keeping such company, or of any thing that misbecame the character of a gentleman? If you did not, what do you deserve for this slanderous hint, so replete with falshood and malice? But this is too serious a subject to be handled in this place—we shall pass over the rest of your abuse touching Dr. Smollet's romances and translations, observing only, that Dr. James Grainger would have had reason to think himself happy had he been reputed the author of the worst of these performances, even though he had bought that reputation at the price of his ears, which, if we may judge by his poetry, are of very little service where they now stand. We are again confronted with Mr. Samuel Johnson, on whose genius and learning poet Grainger comes abroad like a puny dwarf mounted on the shoulders of a giant. The author of the *Rambler*, you say, advised you to send your translation of Tibullus to the press. We can easily conceive how a good-natured man should be influenced to speak civilly of a bad performance, written by a humble admirer and officious adherent: but, if you thought the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Johnson sufficient to ascertain the merit of your work, you ought to have inserted his *imprimatur* on the first leaf.—Or do you believe that we are singular in our opinion of your performance? Did not a gentleman of distinguished taste, upon perusing the manuscript of your translation, condemn the poetry,

pro-

pronounce the notes *execrable*, and dissuade the bookseller from purchasing the copy? And have not your friends gone about and affirmed that this very gentleman approved of the performance? You accuse us of envy and malevolence. You cannot but know that we never had any quarrel with Dr. James Grainger; and it is next to impossible, that we should envy him: a man may envy another for his superior reputation or fortune: but it is ridiculous to suppose, that he should envy a person who has neither. When we mention reputation, you will take notice, we mean only reputation as a writer. We dive not into private characters and circumstances with a view to personal abuse: that task we leave to the polite and witty Dr. James Grainger, and his associates: for, we are informed that all this filth did not flow from the same dunghill. It is a muddy stream supplied from three different reservoirs of dullness and malice. We ought to beg the reader's pardon for having taken up so much time and paper, in tracing poet Grainger thro' all his labyrinths of scurrility and scandal: but the public will forgive it as a disagreeable task, which, in some measure, we owe to our own characters.

The world is, by this time, we hope, satisfied of the honesty, politeness and veracity of James Grainger, and we doubt not, would be convinced also of his gratitude, were we to produce certain specimens of his translation, which out of tenderness and compassion we formerly omitted. We might instance his great knowledge in painting, specified in his praising the figures of Claude Lorrain, who is remarkable for his having left his figures tame and unfinished, that they might not interfere with the general effect of his landscapes: we might expatiate upon the translator's great sagacity in chastening and reforming the tenth elegy, which Tibullus addresses to his catamite. The poet tells him, that he had even procured wenches for his pleasure; an effort of complaisance which did not at all interfere with his own spurious passion: but, the sagacious Dr. Grainger, in substituting a female for a male enamorado, renders the whole passage ridiculously absurd: he makes Tibullus, in all the heat of jealous love, tell his mistress, that he had often procured a youth for her, and conducted him in person to her chamber: we might insist upon his misunderstanding his author: we might quote above a hundred lines that would set the reader's teeth on edge: but we are heartily tired of having said so much upon a subject that deserved so little. The translation of Tibullus may be ironically compared to the *Lachrymasa poemata Puppi*, for one can hardly read it without laughing till he cries again; and perhaps this circumstance may save it from oblivion: but, should Dr.

James Grainger *die in the Lord, and his works follow him, his friends may engrave on his tomb, one half of the Distichon Puppi,*

Non populus in me vivo lachrymavit satis.

ART. IX. *The modern Part of an Universal History, from the earliest account of time. Compiled from original writers. By the authors of the antient part. Vol. IV. V. VI.*

THE fourth volume of this great work is ushered in with an advertisement, importing, that the authors have been under the necessity of anticipating, in a great measure, the Seljukian history, which was designed for this volume; otherwise the history of the Kalifs must have appeared maimed and imperfect, because the Khalifat was gradually stripped of all its secular authority, by a succession of Seljukian monarchs; consequently these two histories were closely connected together. This volume contains a more particular account of the celebrated dynasty of the Seljuks. It begins with the general history of the Turks, including their origin; a description of Great Tartary; of the Turkish tribes; and the affairs of that people before the time of Jenghiz Khan. Then follows an account of the present Turkestân, succeeded by the history of the Seljukians of Iran or Persia, and of Kirman. This comprehends the reigns of all their sultans, from Togrol Bek to Togrul II. who was slain in the year of Christ 1193. The fourth chapter contains the history of the third dynasty of the Seljukians, called that of Ruui; consisting of the provinces they had conquered from the Romans or Greeks, such as Pontus, Paphlagonia, and Bithynia, along the Euxine-sea: Mysia comprehending Eolis; Ionia and Caria washed by the Archipelago; Lycia, containing Mylia; Pisidia, including Pamphilia, and Cilicia, in the neighbourhood of the Mediteranean, Lydia, Phrygia, Cappadocia, and Galatia. After the succession of these sultans, we come to the history of the Moguls and Tartars, from the reign of the famous Jenghiz Khan, which is here recorded at large; as are the reigns of all his successors in Mogulestan, Tartary, and China; Tartary only, Kipjack, Kipjack and Crim Tartary, Great Bukharia, and Iran or Persia: but this detail extends into the fifth volume; where also we find a circumstantial history of the celebrated Timur Bek, otherwise known by the name of Tamerlane, that great Asian conqueror, who flourished in the fourteenth century, and restored the dominion of the Tartars, over all the East. He died at Otrar, in the year of Christ 1405. The history is continued through the reigns of his

his successors, not only those who reigned in Tartary, but also his descendants who possessed Khorassan, and other parts of Iran.

Book VII. introduces the history of the shahs reigning in Persia, from Ismael, surnamed Sufi, to the death of the noted Kouli Khan, shah nadir, who was elected king in the year 1736, and murdered in the year 1747. This period is protracted to the sixth volume.

What follows is a chronicle of the Arab kings of Ormuz in Persia, from its first sovereign Mohammed, till the conquest of that island in 1514, by the Portuguese admiral Albuquerque.

This is succeeded by an account of the Turkmen and Uzbeks, including the dynasties of the Kara Kayunlu, or Black Sheep, and of the Ak Kayunlu, or White Sheep; the history of the Uzbeks, the Khans of Great Bukharia, the kingdom of Karasin, where the Uzbek Khans possessed the sovereignty.

Book IX. contains a description of Hindustan, or the empire of the great mogul, ushered in with a curious description of the country, a full account of the inhabitants in the different articles of disposition, religion, laws, customs, manners, and language. This branch comprehends the history of the descendants of Tamerlane, who have reigned in Hindustan, under the names of Jagalys and Moguls, from sultan Babr, surnamed Zehiro'ddin Mohammed to Mohammed Shah, in whose reign Nadir Shah marched into India, and took his capital Dehli.

The remaining part of the sixth volume is taken up with a description of the countries, contained in the hither peninsula of India, under these different heads: a general division and history of the peninsula; the empire of Bishnagar; of the countries comprised in the kingdom of Dekan; the kingdom of Visapur; the history of Sivagi, and the Maharattas; the kingdoms of Golkonda, Kanora; the coast of Malabar; the kingdoms of Madura, Tanjaor, Karnala, Messur; and finally, the religion of the Hindus, or Indians.

It will be needless to repeat in this place what we have said in commendation of the three former volumes: suffice it to say, that these seem to be compiled with the same care, learning, and fidelity. They contain the revolutions of mighty empires, intermingled with a thousand curious particulars, which we have not room to specify. Here we enjoy a near and satisfactory view of that vast *officina gentium*, from whence our Europe seems to have been peopled; and we have some reason to be mortified,

fied, when we reflect, that in all probability our ancestors were the refuse of that people, who extended their conquests over all the earth; for, while their countrymen were in possession of the finest parts of Asia, they were fain to quit their country, and retire to one of the most barren and inhospitable corners on the face of the globe; we mean the most northern parts of Europe, which were peopled from Tartary. Here we meet with the characters of mighty kings and conquerors: characters great and interesting: characters which we admire for the virtues of the heart, as well as for the qualities of the understanding. We find recorded surprising instances of generosity, moderation, and magnanimity; but in the midst of these amiable qualifications, we see the owner always apt to relapse into his native brutality; and we own the truth of the remark, that a Turk, or a Tartar, may be brave, learned, and generous; but you can never tear the barbarian from his heart. In a word, the best character we meet with among these worthies, is a strange compound of virtue and ferocity: bating a few periods, the history is a tissue of battles, massacres, and assassinations.

ART. X. *A Scrutiny; or the Critics criticised, &c.* 1 s. Wilcox.

THE author of this piece, in his address to the Reviewers, endeavours to intimidate us into concessions, by threatening us with the future resentment of his friend, the author of a book, intituled, *Epistles philosophical and moral*; and with respect to himself, declares he may probably prove another *Cæsar* to another *Brutus*, and meet us again at *Philippi*. To this thundering denunciation, we content ourselves, with replying in the words of *Brutus*, "Then we shall see thee again." In our article on the epistles, we thought we had bestowed sufficient praise upon the author, though we presumed to differ from him in certain metaphysical points: but some writers, or their friends, are never to be satisfied; and this angry champion boldly accuses us of ignorance, malice, and presumption. Had we really misunderstood the author, which very likely may have been the case, and any person had convinced us of our mistakes, with decency and temper, we should have thought ourselves obliged to him for having corrected our errors, and retracted them accordingly; but this author has treated us with such acrimony, and affected to speak of our work in such contemptuous terms, that we owe him no deference or acknowledgment; and as for his resentment, we will bear it as we can, with christian patience—We have already

ready sustained the resentment of Dr. Sh——re, and other formidable antagonists. The Critical Review has weathered many a storm; and, with the blessing of God on our endeavours, will still continue its course, without being overset by this sudden squall that blows so furiously. Yet, what we shall always refuse with disdain, to the peremptory demand of an insolent aggressor, we may honourably, and always will grant, in vindication of our own candor and integrity.

If the authors of the Critical Review have such mean abilities, and so little reputation, as this gentleman mentions, we are surprized that he should have taken the pains to write a letter of compliment to them, with a present of the book, when it was published; for which book he will now please to send to our publisher: we are likewise surprized, that he should take the trouble of writing a shilling pamphlet to refute the criticism of such obscure critics, whom all the world must hold in contempt: we are still more surprized, that he should expect we would willingly confess the charge, since he seems to think a confession so shameful: but, according to his opinion in his prefatory epistle, such *concessions are not very dishonorable*; and in the second page of the work, they are deemed *shameful*. We should be glad to know, whether he speaks his real opinion in the preface, or in the body of the work? or whether he is not apt to forget in the second page, what he wrote in the first?

In censuring the grammatical slips of the author of the epistles, his editor charges us with ignorance or carelessness in our turn. We deny that charge, as much as we despise his triumphing in two little oversights, one an error of the press, which have crept into that article of the Review—

- ‘ If plac’d thy faith in points alone,
- ‘ Whose truth demonstratively known.’

We say that the monosyllable *are* is here wanting; whereas it should have been the monosyllable *is*. This, to be sure, is an important discovery; but still it will not make his friend’s line good grammar. The typographical error, about which he makes such a pother, is this. The author of the epistles wrote,

- ‘ Convinc’d doth Polydore, with me,
- ‘ That God’s indefinite, agree,
- ‘ Yet argue,’ &c.

This, we said, was obscure: we say so still, and leave the reader to judge. By an oversight in the compositor and corrector of the press, when this quotation was inserted in the Review, the word *degree* was printed for *agree*; and this the gentleman charges

ges upon us as a palpable misquotation, calculated to deceive the public. If that had been the case, we might have termed it absolute nonsense; whereas we have only censured the passage as obscure; and we believe every candid reader will be of our opinion, even if we had said it was not only obscure, but also a stiff, strained, confused, unwarrantable transposition. But we shall make another remark, which will better enable the reader to judge of this writer's candor, "These lines also, (says he) " among others, are said to be unintelligible.

' Hence, mortal man, must ever be

' Thy author, God, unknown to thee,

The gentleman talks of making a *shameful confession*. He must confess that this imputation is absolutely groundless, therefore *shameful*; but he may confess it or not as he thinks proper. The Reviewers say, "with respect to obscurity and ambiguity take " these few instances of many that occur." Among these instances are the lines in question: but not a word said of their being *unintelligible*; therefore the charge is untrue, not to call it malevolent. That the passage is ambiguous, every man in his senses must own. For the words imply, that *mortal man is the author of God*, as well, and as clearly as, they signify that *God is the author of mortal man*. These trivial criticisms we never advanced as matters of consequence against the author of the epistles; we only mentioned them *en passant* as petty oversights, as inconsiderable errors, which might be easily amended. Far from desiring to detect faults, we passed over many, and rather industriously sought occasion to applaud the genius of the philosopher. Before this gentleman proceeds with the refutation of our strictures, he affirms in general, that we do not understand the work which we have presumed to criticise; and that, from the *arguments* of the epistles, we have picked out so much of the author's principles, as to find we should have the *majority* on our side, in disapproving great part of what was advanced.

It is the common cry of all those authors whom we have ventured to disapprove, that we do not understand their works; and this, we apprehend, is not so much a reproach upon our want of intellect, as a tacit confession of their own obscurity. A work which treats of morality, ought, in our opinion, to be so plain, easy and perspicuous, as to suit the comprehension of even an ordinary capacity. But, it seems, we have picked out from the *arguments* of the epistles, *i. e.* from the author's own words, so much of the author's principles, as to find we should have the *majority* on our side, in disapproving great part of what was advanced. This, surely, is a full confession that the majority of mankind will consider his philosophy in that light in which we have represented it. If then an author shall write a system of phi-

philosophy or ethics: if that part of his treatise which is unintelligible to the *majority*, contradicts the established doctrines of religion and the received maxims of morality; and if the rest which reconciles it to these doctrines and maxims, be wrapped up in the clouds of metaphysical obscurity; will not every man of common sense and candor allow, that such a treatise has a mischievous tendency to corrupt the minds of *mankind in general*? Granting, therefore, our understandings to be of the vulgar order, we do not see how this plea can excuse, far less acquit him in the eyes of the world, for his having published a system which may lead the *majority* into a contempt of religion, and a dangerous habit of confounding the common ideas of right and wrong. How far we have misunderstood or misrepresented his treatise shall be considered in the sequel.

In the mean time, we cannot help taking notice of the gentleman's denying that his friend made use of irony in the dedication to ridicule the present minister. We shall only insert his own quotation, and leave the reader to judge.

- 'Nay, when the guardian *genii* of the land,
- 'To save our desp'rate fortunes took in hand;
- 'I sung them not; tho' crown'd by half the nation,
- 'With civic wreaths, from town and corporation.'

If this be not *irony*, couched on purpose in doggerel rhimes, it is wretched poetry, and indeed a palpable instance of the *bathos*, or *profound*. His observation, that we have abused many an honest-hearted Englishman, who has attempted to compliment Mr. P—; and that we think such a task an invasion of our property, is so false and ridiculous, that we can hardly believe the man is in earnest. If he intends it as a joke, we believe the reader will think it a very dull one: we will venture to declare, that this author's province is not *humour*; and that his awkward attempts this way will serve only to remind the reader of the ass in the fable, which brought itself into disgrace by endeavouring to imitate the address of the spaniel. We must give this letter-writer to understand, that we are as independent of the Minister as he can possibly be; and that we disdain the practice of flattery, as much as we despise the attacks of invidious malice. His animadversion, implying that we have not the most exquisite judgment, or elegant turn for *panegyrick*, might be answered by a recrimination equally just and severe; but we are not yet driven to the miserable subterfuge of general abuse: and it would ill become persons who have any character to maintain in the world of letters and decorum, to contend with any antagonist in point of virulence and scurrility. Nothing is more easy than to retort the unsupported charge of ignorance and dullness.

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The best way of refuting our hypercritick's abuse, will, we apprehend, be to support the justness of our own criticism, which he has so rancorously attacked. We say, that the author of *Epistles Philosophical and Moral*, in his first epistle, launches out into some invectives against the priests of all religions; invectives indiscriminately levelled at the doctrines, as well as at the doctors of every sect, at the faith as well as at the faithful. Whether this be a false imputation, the reader may judge from the following extracts:

- ' Alas, Lorenzo, few believe
- ' In fact, the doctrines they receive.
- ' How few, even of the reverend tribe,
- ' The very canons they subscribe!——
- ' For rob the priesthood of its gain,
- ' What pillar will the church sustain?
- ' What cement binds the crazy wall,
- ' Whose sapt foundation threatens its fall? "

If this is not plainly affirming that the church has no other support than the lucrative places she has to bestow, we know not what is the author's meaning.

Of the church of England he says,

- ' For know th' abandon'd scarlet whore
- ' Our present alma mater bore;
- ' Whose beauty, modesty, and truth
- ' Were all debauch'd in early youth,
- ' While in seraglio, close confin'd,
- ' Sly priests conceal'd her from mankind.
- ' And though when zeal to hide her sin
- ' Had almost stript her to the skin,
- ' To skreen her batter'd charms from shame,
- ' She laid to truth her artful claim;
- ' Yet once secure, the cunning jade
- ' Gave up its temporary aid;
- ' Playing again her mother's game,
- ' With priests of ev'ry church the same.'

This, sure, is a very pious son of the church of England.

We said, that in the second epistle are many positions equally dangerous and plausible. Here, under the pretext of free inquiry, are arrows glanced at the mysteries of our holy religion. Here are artful attempts to sap the foundation of the christian faith, to infuse doubts and scruples into weak minds, to introduce an anarchy of scepticism and irreligion. We must quote again, in our own justification.

' Oh!

- ‘ Oh! how ridiculous and odd
- ‘ That zeal precipitate for God,
- ‘ So short of knowledge, that indeed
- ‘ It understands not ev’n its creed.’

This, sure, is an arrow glanced at the mysteries of our holy religion, the Trinity and the Incarnation, which the extent of human reason can never comprehend. If our author affirms that it is ridiculous to believe what we do not understand, he rejects the christian doctrines, he attempts to sap the foundation of the christian faith, to infuse doubts and scruples into weak minds, and to introduce an anarchy of scepticism and ir-religion.

- ‘ Let not fanaticism deceive ;
- ‘ None can a mystery believe.——
- ‘ Like him, the modern faithful taught
- ‘ That reason is a thing of nought,
- ‘ Left they should soil the church with doubt,
- ‘ Their understandings leave without.’

If we cannot believe that which we do not understand, we cannot believe in miracles ; yet our philosopher, in the sequel, owns that God may act *præter*, tho’ not *contra scientiam naturæ*.——

- ‘ Might not ten thousand springs unite
- ‘ Causes too fine for mortal sight,
- ‘ Such varied wonders to produce,
- ‘ To providential ends of use?’

This, we apprehend, is downright self-contradiction: for, in one place, he says it is absurd, nay even impossible, to believe what we do not understand; and in another he justifies the belief of miracles wrought by means that are beyond our conception. One would imagine either that our letter-writer does not understand his friend, or that he thinks him, like the Delphic oracle, capable of opposite and contradictory interpretations. This egregious critick, among other things equally true and accurate, intimates (p. 28) that Dr. Clarke screened himself from the imputation of fatalism by the shade of mystery: had he been really acquainted with the works of that acute and subtle reasoner, he would probably have blamed him, at least he would have had more cause to blame him, for having endeavoured to penetrate, by the force of reason and argument, into things which the Author of Nature seems to have purposely kept without the sphere of the human capacity.

After abundance of pains taken to explain away the meaning of his friend, with respect to *physical evil*, he tells us (p. 42), the point being thus settled with regard to *physical evil*, we come now to justify our author’s principles, in regard to *moral*. He owns that his friend has asserted, in bold terms, *that no moral*
good

good can plead any abstract merit with the Deity. In support of this doctrine, he pleads the tenets of the protestant established church; talks of our being justified by faith, and not by works; and that it is freely by grace we are to be saved.—It is diverting enough to see a philosopher, who has been endeavouring to explode *faith* as absurd, bring it in afterwards as a champion against good works. If the practice of moral virtue is pleasing in the sight of God, it were absurd to suppose it will not be considered as merit in the practiser, unless our philosopher previously prove that the agent had no choice. Nor will this plea, at all, interfere with the doctrine of free grace, while God has the power to punish or reward according to his own pleasure. Neither will this gentleman find it an easy task to prove, that man is a free agent, if he is not at liberty to act according to his own choice. Does he not know that the perception of right and wrong is alone a sufficient motive of action, and that this principle is inseparable from our ideas of right and wrong? In this light, does not moral good plead an abstract merit with the Deity? Rectitude is itself an end, the influence and existence of which depend not upon any thing that is arbitrary. To act then from conviction and knowledge is meritorious, or we must assuredly away with all free agency.

But our critick certainly confounds things that are totally different: he seems not aware of the difference between the freedom of our will, and that of the Deity: that necessity and virtue or vice are incompatible; and that moral good or evil proceed from the right use or abuse of liberty. Denying this, would be to make instinct a principle of action; whereas nothing can be so but the election, free determination, and result of reason: thus the powers of reason and reflection constitute virtue; the subversion or misapplication of these constitute vice: is there then no claim to abstract merit in the sight of God?

We are, in the next place, abused for the account we gave of the seventh Epistle, and particularly for animadverting upon the maxim of the philosopher, who affirms, that those dispositions of the mind, generally termed virtuous, have nothing to do with virtue; that ignorance is guilt, and knowledge a fundamental and indispensable moral principle: we might have added, from the same philosopher, that a good intention is not enough to constitute any merit in the agent; and that those are not virtuous who act up to the best of their knowledge. We always thought that a good heart, a meek, benevolent, charitable disposition, were essential ingredients in a virtuous character, because they directly tend to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures; and that a bad heart, a cruel, selfish,
and

and uncharitable disposition, were the characteristics of vice, because they directly operate to the prejudice of society. We moreover believed, that a country squire, who never passed his accident at school, might nevertheless be a very virtuous and valuable member of the community, in consequence of a benevolent temper; and that a man of extraordinary talents and learning might be a very great villain, the greater indeed for being learned, therefore a very vitious character, in consequence of a bad heart or cruel disposition. We moreover imagined no body would affirm that the intention does not, in the eye of equity and reason, render the action virtuous or criminal in the agent; and that he is not a virtuous man who practises the duties of benevolence to the best of his knowledge. As this new-fashioned moralist is of a different opinion, we leave the public to determine whether or not we have censured these tenets without some reason. The gentleman may explain his friend's meaning

till all men doubt it;

And write about it, goddess! and about it.

But we have neither leisure nor inclination to engage with him in a metaphysical dispute, which would require a whole volume, rather than a short article in a Monthly Review. He may, if he pleases, in the pride of his philosophical talents, ascribe our declining this contest, to our apprehension of such a formidable adversary. Let him enjoy his imaginary triumph, call us knaves, fools, and dunces, and then pique himself upon his politeness, in opposition to Dr. Sh——re: Finally, let him write pamphlets against the Review from June to January, we shall thank him in silence, and find our account in his animosity. Angry writers of his stamp would do well to reflect, that all their efforts of revenge, their private abuse, their public letters, their pamphlets, and threats of *bella, horrida bella*, serve no other purposes, but those of propagating their own want of talent and temper, and of increasing the demand for the Critical Review.

We shall take leave of this gentleman with a piece of advice, not to talk so dogmatically on some subjects which he does not understand. For example, (p. 57) he makes a difference between the philosophical and physical principles of Sir Isaac Newton: are not all the principles contained in his *Principia* both physical and philosophical? By philosophical, our critic means *mathematical*: but surely he is not so ignorant as to think the principles are mathematical. Sir Isaac Newton has proved his conclusions in a manner strictly geometrical; but we believe our author is the first man who has discovered his *Data* to be geometrical: a discovery worthy of so learned a critick.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XI, Dissertation sur le Papyrus, par M. le Comte de Caylus.

TO this learned nobleman, the world is already indebted for some curious investigations of natural knowledge.

This dissertation on the *Ægyptian Papyrus* is a sort of a commentary upon Pliny's account of this matter, illustrated by the observations of *Guilandia*, a natural philosopher, who wrote in the year 1576. To this memoir are added some curious explanations, discussions, and reflections, by the celebrated *Jussieu*; and the whole is further illustrated by copper-plates, exhibiting the plants of the Sicilian and Madagascar *Papyrus*, which seem to be nearly, though not altogether the same with those of *Ægypt*.

The *Papyrus*, or the *Cyperus Niliacus*, is a large plant that grows wild in the midst of the stagnating water left in hollow places after the inundation of the Nile. We are told by Theophrastus and Pliny, that the natives used the roots of it for firing, as well as for the other purposes of wood: that they built little boats of the plant itself, and formed the inner bark into sails, matts, garments, coverlids, and cordage: that they chewed it both raw and sodden, and swallowed the juice as a dainty; but, of all its uses, the most celebrated was that of its serving to write upon, like the paper of these days, which derives its name from this plant of *Ægypt*. The intermediate part of the stalk was cut and separated into different *Laminae*, which were set apart, and dried in the sun for the manufacture. These *Laminae* were joined together horizontally and transversely, in sheets or leaves, upon a smooth board; then moistened with water, which dissolved a kind of viscous glue in the pores of the plant, serving to cement and render the whole uniform. The sheet being thus formed was put into a press, and afterwards dried for use. Such was the process of making paper in *Ægypt*: but, as the sheets were coarse, brown, unequal, and imperfect, the Romans invented methods to bring the fabrick to perfection. They contrived a glue or gum, by means of which they could occasionally enlarge the size and volume. They bleached it to a surprising degree of whiteness: they beat it with hammers, so as to render it more thin and less porous: they smoothed and polished it with ivory; and, by a sort of calendar, gave it a shining gloss like that of the Chinese paper. According to the different degrees of delicacy, whiteness, and size, it acquired different appellations, either from the names of particular manufacturers,

nufacturers, from the great personages who used it, or from the particular uses to which it was put, such as the *Fannian*, the *Li-vian*, the *Claudian*, the *Imperial*, the *Hieratic*, and the *Amphitheatric*.

ART. XII. *Dissertations Historiques, politiques, et litteraires.*

Historical, political, and literary dissertations, by the count de Guasco, fellow of the royal societies of London and Berlin, &c.

These volumes contain four dissertations, some of which have been read in the royal academy at Paris, and honoured with the prize. They are ushered forward by an advertisement, wherein the author gives his reasons for this undertaking; and observes, that he is aware of the little regard he is likely to meet with in an age when learning is not the prevailing taste, and in which few productions meet with encouragement, except they are romantic, satirical, dramatic, or *translations from the English*. The last is a complaint which gives us room to hope, that France will soon confess our more elegant taste and more finished erudition, as she is now forced to acknowledge our superiority of arms, and excellence in political knowledge.

The first of these dissertations treats of the state of learning and the sciences under Charles VI. and Charles the VII. Under the former of these princes, he shews us, that poetry, history, painting, and all the polite arts, found grateful protection at court. The latter founded universities at Caen and Poitiers, and restored that of Paris to proper regulations; but diminished the number of its scholars, which, in the preceding reign was rated at 20,000, by excluding the English. This university was then in such high reputation, that the different parties which divided the kingdom united in that one point of seeking her approbation; and the doctors of Paris were often summoned by royal authority to the privy-council, where their opinions were treated with veneration. Yet a taste for the belles lettres, poetry excepted, did not even now universally prevail. They were the favourite study of but few; and in the catalogue of the king's library we find only one copy of Cicero.

In this dissertation a curious reader will find many things to please him, relating to the then state of philosophy, history, poetry, architecture, music, sculpture, and painting; as well as of spectacles, shews, and public diversions. Our author has found the art of engaging the attention, and at the same time proved himself an able master of his subject, which he illustrates by extracts from the poets that flourished in this æra: he also

enumerates the cotemporary historians, and points out their different manner of writing.

The second dissertation turns upon the reasons that induced the Romans to create a magistrate for strangers, who bore the title of a Prætor; and M. Guasco inquires into the nature of his office, the people that were subservient to it, and the time during which it subsisted. The rise, rights, and liberties of asylums afford a copious subject for the third dissertation; and the fourth treats of such places as have preserved their own laws and privileges after they have been conquered by a foreign force, with the reasons for so doing, and their rights thereto: in which he manifests a good deal of political knowledge. He has promised us another volume of these dissertations; and from the order, perspicuity, learning, and taste of these before us, we may venture to pronounce that the whole will be a pleasing and instructive collection, worthy the perusal of every friend to erudition.

ART. XIII. PAINTING, and ENGRAVING.

IN our Review of March last, we gave an account of two very ingenious paintings, and concluded with a wish that some of our admirals would furnish an artist with a subject for a victory at sea. But though that has been as yet out of their power, because the French have used every art to disappoint them; many of our private captains have given convincing proofs of true British spirit and conduct, particularly in two instances: the first is that of Capt. Forrest in the *Augusta*, who, with Capt. Suckling in the *Dreadnought*, and Capt. Langdon in the *Edinburgh*, carrying in all no more than 184 guns and 1232 men, engaged four French ships of war, and three large frigates, carrying 368 guns, and 3440 men, off Cape Francois, on October 21, 1757; which French squadron they defeated, and obliged to retreat into their own harbour. The other is the taking the *Foudroyant* of 84 guns and 880 men by the *Monmouth* of 64 guns and 480 men, off Carthagen, in the night of the 28th Feb. 1758; where, though the brave Capt. Gardiner lost his life in the action, yet by the good conduct of Lieut. Cartret, and his other officers and crew, victory declared in favour of the English.

Of these gallant and remarkable engagements Mr. Paton, an ingenious sea-painter, has favoured us with two admirable representations. How far this artist, who has not yet had sufficient opportunities of shewing his abilities, may deserve encouragement, we leave the public to determine: those who have seen the paintings encouraged him, by their approbation, to have two prints engraved from them, which he has now exhibited;

hibited; and in the execution of which his education in the royal navy seems to have greatly assisted.

We cannot but express our approbation of the scene of action in the first piece, wherein each captain displayed his conduct and bravery. This he has judged would make the best painting; and he was enabled to draw it, from good accounts, in such a manner as to express to every one conversant in shipping, the difference between the English and French marine, and to preserve the keeping so essential to perspective.

In the other, he has struck out a new beauty, in preserving the main light by the firing of the cannon, notwithstanding the fine effect which the moon also occasions: a distinction we conceive attended with no small difficulty. Herein the judicious may find how far he is entitled to their favour: we heartily wish him the success his merit deserves; and think his dedication to the officers concerned in both actions a tribute justly due to their bravery.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 14. *The Guardian. A Comedy of two Acts. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Octavo. Pr. 1s. Newbery.*

THE generous and charitable occasion upon which this translation was first exhibited on an English theatre renders it sacred from criticism; nor indeed can it with any colour of justice be pretended that it is not equal, if not superior, to the original: the reader therefore is to understand all that is said here as being applicable to the characters of the original only.

The performance itself is decent, and the manner not immoral. The story in short is this: Mr. Heartly, a gentleman turned of forty, is guardian to Harriet, a young lady worth forty thousand pounds. Young Clackit, who had a dependence upon his uncle Sir Charles Clackit, and who is the very pink of coxcombs, fancies that Harriet is in love with him, and brings his uncle Sir Charles (who though no great wit, had sense enough to see his nephew was a fop) pretty much into the same opinion; and, thro' some accidental circumstances, Heartly, who is reprehended as a man of sense and virtue, comes to be of the same way of thinking, and presses Harriet for an immediate consummation of the match. Harriet is secretly in love with her guardian, and tells him that she never thought of young Clackit, but that she had set her affections upon an older man. Mean while,

all she can do to affront young Clackit cannot cure him of the conceit that she is in love with him, and he proceeds accordingly. This drives miss Harriet to her chamber, which, with some other mysterious behaviour, gives Heartly some apprehensions that he had mistaken her inclinations, especially considering how consummate a coxcomb young Clackit was, and how unworthy of her affections: Yet still, however, he is inclined to believe she loves the fop.

Harriet desires a private interview with Heartly, who meets her full of this notion, but desires her to make up matters with her lover. She entreats him to write a letter to that purpose, which she shall dictate. He complies and writes, but she contrives it so that it shall be a letter to himself; and to put the matter beyond all doubt, at the close of the letter, she mentions the tender care he had of her in her infancy. This expression startles Heartly, and yet the letter is sent away to young Clackit. Heartly however retires in confusion and concern at what had happened. Mean while Sir Charles is waiting for the final answer, in favour of his nephew; and at last Heartly, who now more than suspects the truth, enters to him, and endeavours to undeceive him as to his nephew. While they are conversing together, Lucy, Harriet's pert waiting-maid, and a true French *suivante*, breaks in upon them; and persuades old Sir Charles, that the person on whom her lady had placed her affections was no other than himself. This occasions some pleasing repartees between the uncle and the nephew, who had brought a set of musick to celebrate his nuptials, and who triumphs in the letter sent him by Harriet. She enters, and by her behaviour renews the contest between the uncle and the nephew; but at last Heartly, who is now thoroughly convinced of her sentiments, steps in, acknowledges that he had been long secretly in love with her, and fairly carries her off.

It may be unnecessary, after this detail, to point out the absurdities of the plot. Heartly is a man of sense: he thinks his ward a young lady of superlative discernment, and yet imagines her to be in love with an egregious coxcomb; and what is still more extraordinary, though he is all this while deeply in love with her himself, he pushes on the match between her and this coxcomb so violently, that he scarce gives her fair play, or leave to answer for herself. Even after the designed blunder she makes at the close of her letter, he remains convinced for a long time she still loves Clackit. As to the characters, they are unmarked and unmeaning; such a coxcomb as Clackit never appeared in life; and such a man of sense as Heartly never existed in nature, nor could, with any probability, such a stratagem have been carried into execution.

Art. 15. *The Beldames. A Poem. Quarto Pr. 1s.* Doddsley.

This rhapsody serves to assure us, that beldames are the very worst sort of women : that the author holds them in detestation ; and that many of his acquaintance by no means deserve to be placed among the number. We wanted no ghost, the reader will be apt to cry out, to inform us of this ; and yet this is all the information the present performance is likely to bestow. So little improvement do we meet with in modern poetry, that it is now almost fallen into disrepute. Half a century ago, poetical productions were fashionable : at present, he that writes in verse has scarce a chance to be read ; and at best is soon forgotten. The reason of this change of taste in the public may be, that in modern poetry we merely study to amuse without conveying information ; and have a chain of trite thoughts prettily ornamented running through many well-known performances : thus we admire the poet, without feeling his beauties. It were doing injustice to the poem in view not to allow that it contains many lines of great beauty ; but then there appears little connection in the sentiments, and the whole seems clouded with needless obscurity.

- ‘ No Bedlam bard with phrenzy fir’d,
- ‘ No prophets by hell inspir’d,
- ‘ Creative boasts so rich a vein
- ‘ As swells the *Beldame’s* teeming brain,
- ‘ And mocking study, wit, and sense,
- ‘ Flows in unletter’d eloquence.
- ‘ Thus beyond truth’s contracted line
- ‘ Invention’s universe is thine.
- ‘ Thine every tale that fiction brings,
- ‘ Whether she soars with painted wings,
- ‘ Or plunges in the depths of night
- ‘ For horrid deeds, unknown to light.
- ‘ There should she mark some real blot,
- ‘ Tho’ long forgiv’n, tho’ long forgot ;
- ‘ God’s cancell’d grace her rage resumes,
- ‘ The crime rejudg’d, the man she dooms ;
- ‘ In deeper dyes she spreads the stain,
- ‘ And pitying heav’n relents in vain.’

The poet, ’tis probable, only designed a compliment to his friends ; but whatever obligations they may lie under to him on the present occasion, the lovers of sacred poesy it is feared will by no means acknowledge themselves his debtors.

Art. 16. *The Happy Orphans: an authentic history of persons in high life. With a variety of uncommon events, and surprising turns of fortune. Two volumes. 12mo. Price 6s. Woodgate and Brooks.*

We were willing to suspend our account of this production, till we had leisure to read it; an honour, not due to many of the novels of these our romancing days: but as we had received some complaints of its being a piracy, and taken, almost verbatim, from a novel of Mrs. Heywood's, entitled the Fortunate Foundlings, we thought justice and impartiality required us to examine, whether the charge was well founded. Upon comparing then the Happy Orphans, with that *farrago* of adventures, the Fortunate Foundlings, we cannot but declare, that, though the foundation of both stories have some affinity, the conduct, manners, and intervening adventures, are almost as dissimilar as light and darkness; and that, the heroes and heroines of one and the other, seem to be very different personages, both in their ideas and expressions. There is nothing in the Happy Orphans of the *improbable* or *absurd*; and the principal characters, those of Rutland, the countess of Suffolk, Edward and Lucy, and Breyfield, are placed in a light to do credit to virtue and honour, and to excite imitation. On the contrary, the vicious characters will not fail to produce contempt and abhorrence. The style, though not the most unexceptionable, is yet natural and easy, and the language of the dialogue-part, such as befits the several stations of the speakers. If it is a translation from the French (which we have some reason to believe) we wish the editor had taken yet greater liberties with his original; for, notwithstanding his *improvements*, we can perceive he has not shaken off his *fetters* intirely, and, in many places seems not a little bewildered, even in the alterations he has made. Some of the reflections are new; but the greatest part, such as must occur to every thinking mind; however, not absurd on that account, in a piece that seems honestly intended, to mingle the *profitable* with the *pleasant*. We could wish, indeed, since we must be deluged with such performances, that every one was written with so good an aim: it would be a happiness to those idle or trifling beings, who glean the chief of their sentiments from them, and never think higher than romances and novels enable them to do.

As a specimen of this novel, we will subjoin a few reflections of the countess of Suffolk, which convey some truths, we could wish our gallant male readers would improve. Speaking to Lucy of the poor, ruined, and abandoned mademoiselle St.

Hermione, she says, 'Ah! my Lucy, how hard is the lot of those ill-fated maids, who suffer themselves to be thus deceived; abandoned by their relations and friends, traduced and reviled by all the world; even pity, that ineffectual, that unavailing, nay, often insulting remedy, denied them; and often, too often, forced desperately into further wickedness, because the virtuous and untainted, will neither believe, nor assist their repentance. All this while, the infamous spoilers of their honour, who, in general, use every subtle art to decoy, are, such is the corruption of mankind, contrary to religion, reason, and common sense, received every where with *eclat*, and, if their devilish deeds should be bruited abroad, they are so far from meeting with censure or contempt, that they are applauded by their own sex; and, it is even a recommendation in their addresses to the other. But, my Lucy, sin and vice, however they may be disguised, under whatever specious pretences or authorities they may be cloaked, amongst mankind, are the most horrid and unnatural acts of rebellion against the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth; against the reason and nature of things, and against the beauty, order and harmony of the moral and intellectual world!—Shall we join the rabble of mankind, great and small, in loading the wretched female with all the reproach and shame? Shall she, who, perhaps, was actuated by the sincerest love and tenderness, work'd off of her guard by oaths, vows, and protestations of honour and constancy; shall she alone bear all the burden of the iniquity? Hard, indeed, would be her case! No, my dear, let the wretch who can thus prostitute every sacred regard, who can impose upon innocence and simplicity, by those very means that would even deceive the most punctual and honourable merchant or tradesman, in his dealings, and would be punished severely by the laws of every civilized nation; let such a wretch have no pity, no compassion from you or me! Let us differ from the Canaille, as I did upon this occasion! Such a tongue and such a countenance as L'Anglais's, was too irresistible even with me, his behaviour was too captivating, to leave, in an unprejudiced mind, any blame upon this young lady.'

Art. 17. *Ver-Vert: or, the Nunnery Parrot. An heroic poem. In four cantos. Inscribed to the Abbess of D****. Translated from the French of Mons. Greffet. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. Doddsley.*

The story of this poem is trite, tho' laughable, but as it is here told, improbable; yet, foolish (and nothing can be more so) as it is, it is so prettily told in the original, that we may

compare it to a sprat stewed in French claret. The translator's abilities in pretty poetry, are too well known for us to give any description of them here; but tho' the translation infinitely exceeds the original, we wish he had stuck by the plain, humorous versification of Prior and Swift, without any alteration of the common measure or stanza.

The story, in a very few words, is this: The nuns of Nevers had a parrot, whom they called Ver-Vert, sent them from America; and it was so improveable a dear lovely creature, that it learnt the whole language of the nunnery, and could talk to every sister in her own way. In short, all devout and moral discourses were alike to the parrot, and it gave equal satisfaction in every subject that could be mentioned in such sanctified walls. By and bye the fame of the parrot reached the ears of the nuns of Nantes, and they conceived so violent a passion to see Ver-Vert, that they sent a letter to their sisters of Nevers, intreating the favour they would send them for a few days the bird, of which they had heard so many prodigies; and begging to send it down the Loire by water, in a passage-boat.

After some opposition from the younger nuns this request was granted, and Poll was put on board a boat, where he had for his fellow passengers two ladies of pleasure, a talkative nurse, two Gascons, a vagrant monk, and three dragoons; and during the time of his passage (which by the bye could last but a very few days) Poll forgot all the devout language of the nunnery of Nevers, and learned all the obscenity and profaneness of his fellow passengers. When he was brought to Nimes, the reader may easily figure to himself the surprize that struck the impatient sisters, when, instead of the language of devout nuns, they heard from Poll all the ribaldry and bawdry he had picked up on board the passage-boat. But as a specimen of the abilities and manner of the translator, we shall give his own words,

- ' And not maturely having weigh'd,
- ' The horror of the words he said,
- ' Replied, in military phrase,
- ' *What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days!*
- ' Our hist'ry notes that on the way
- ' These words he'd heard the sailors say.
- ' At this, with looks demure, another
- ' The holy sisterhood among,
- ' (Willing to make him hold his tongue)
- ' Cry'd, *hie for shame my dearest brother!*
- ' For thanks *this dearest brother* swore,
- ' And us'd, sagaciously enough,
- ' One syllable that rimes to *more*,
- ' 'Gainst which few female ears are proof.

"Jesu!"

“ Jesu ! good mother, she exclaim’d,
 “ This is some wicked witch, ’tis clear,
 “ And not the bird of Nevers fam’d,
 “ To friends of our religion dear !
 ‘ Here Sutler like he cry’d aloud
 ‘ *The devil seize this noisy crowd !*
 ‘ By turns each sister did essay
 ‘ To curb the feather’d grenadier,
 ‘ And each as fast was sent away
 ‘ With something buzzing in her ear ;
 ‘ For, laughing at the younger tribe,
 ‘ He mimick’d their loquacious rage,
 ‘ And, still more freely to describe
 ‘ The dull grimace of scolding age,
 ‘ He ridicul’d the dying closes
 ‘ Of precepts snuffled thro’ their noses :
 ‘ But, what was worse than all the rest,
 ‘ By these dull sermons much oppress’d,
 ‘ And with unvented choler swelling,
 ‘ He thunder’d out each horrid word,
 ‘ The very tars in noise excelling,
 ‘ Which on the river he had heard ;
 ‘ Cursing and swearing all along,
 ‘ Invoking ev’ry pow’r of hell,
 ‘ Whilst Bs redundant from his tongue,
 ‘ And Fs emphatically fell.
 ‘ The sense of what they heard him speak
 ‘ The younger sisters could not tell,
 ‘ For they believ’d his language *Greek*.
 ‘ Next he came out with *blood*, and *zounds*,
 ‘ *Damnation,—brimstone,—fire,—and thunder !*
 ‘ The grate, at these terrific sounds,
 ‘ Trembling is almost split asunder ;’

In short, poor Poll was sent back to Nevers with disgrace and detestation ; and his former mistresses perceiving the lamentable apostacy he had fallen into, decreed him to fast from all the dainties he had been used to for two months, and inflicted other penances upon him. This severity had the wish’d-for effect, and Poll recovered his former devout strain ; upon which he was released from his penances, and re-instated in all the luxurious privileges he had enjoy’d formerly. But alas ! those sudden alterations in his way of living, had a fatal effect upon this sweet creature’s constitution ; for he fell sick, and dying, was most magnificently entombed.

Thus,

Thus, gentle reader, in honour to the abilities of the translator, whom we again venture to pronounce to be a *pretty* poet, you have the history of his Ver-Vert. If there is in it any moral, the reader must find it out.

Art. 18. *The Simplicity and Popularity of the Divine Revelations, and their suitableness to the circumstances of mankind. A Sermon, preached in the High-Church of Edinburgh, Nov. 8, 1757. At the opening of the synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. By Robert Dick, M. A. one of the ministers of Edinburgh. 8vo. Price 6d. Hamilton.*

This discourse we will venture to recommend as one of the best we have lately seen. Mr. Dick has displayed his learning in a manner that renders it edifying and entertaining. The style is easy, elegant, and simple; the method clear and judicious, and the reasoning strong and conclusive.

Art. 19. *Observations on the Use of Bathing; warm and cold; and the diseases it will cure without a doctor. With an account of the Cicer Venereum, or ερεβιδος; the celebrated restorative among the antient Greeks, used in their baths and at their tables. Illustrated with its figure. 8vo. Price 1 s. 6 d. Davis.*

It may perhaps be sufficient to acquaint the reader, that this performance is penned by the author of most of the eighteen-penny medical and physical pamphlets that have appeared for upwards of a year. We find it methodically digested under the following heads, viz. Of the use of bathing in general; of the use of bathing among the Greeks and Romans; of the several uses of the warm bath; of bathing for relaxation only; of the Grecian oils and ointments, a long chapter, containing nothing; of the use of the warm bath in England, with Grecian ointments, promising the reader entertainment, but, like a jilt, disappointinting his expectations; of the the use of the warm baths, with the assistance of the *smegmata* of the Greeks, an extreme erudite, and profound chapter; of the virtues of the Grecian *cicer* or *provocative chick*; of the medicated baths of the antients; of the dangers which attend warm bathing; and, lastly, of cold bathing.

The reader is not to imagine, that we have here given him a summary of this laboured treatise. We have done him more justice: he is presented with the whole; nothing appearing under the above heads, besides an addition of certain superfluous lines.

Art.

Art. 20. *An Essay to prove the Superiority of the present Age and Nation over that of any former. In answer to the ingenious, but malevolent writer, of an Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times. By Britannicus. 8vo. Price 6d. Hope.*

A rhapsody of bombast, by which the wretched author could propose to himself neither profit or credit.

Art. 21. *Observations on the Account given of the Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, &c. in Art. VI. of the Critical Review, No, 35. for December, 1758. Where the unwarrantable liberties taken with that work, and the honourable author of it, are examined and exposed. 8vo. Price 6d. Woodgate.*

We fancy Mr. Walpole will not think himself much obliged to this champion, who has stepped forth as a volunteer, to chastize the authors of the Critical Review. If there is any wit or argument in the epithets of *dull, scurrilous, stupid, apothecary, liar, fellow, &c.* then this performance abounds with both. What sort of a fellow this would appear in *propria persona*, we know not; but this we will be bold to say, that his writing favours strong of the *lick-trencher*. Alas! such authors ought to be more humble, when they consider that there is not a sweep-kennel in Westminster, who cannot call names as fast, and as fluently, as they do; and even see these names in print for so small a price as two shillings and six-pence. And now we have done with dulness and dirt, at least, for this number.

Art. 22. *A Letter from a gentleman in the country, to a member of parliament in town, containing remarks upon a book lately published, intituled, 'The conduct and treatment of John Crookshanks, Esq; 'late commander of his majesty's ship the Lark.' 6 d. Brett.*

Though we have been abused in a public paper, for what we modestly hinted in a former Number, concerning the pamphlet, intituled, *The conduct and treatment of John Crookshanks, Esq; &c.* we are not such enemies to Captain Crookshanks, as to insinuate any thing that may have a tendency to debar him of that justice, to which every British subject has an undoubted title. As he complains of having been injured and oppressed, let his case be fairly and candidly examined: if he shall appear to have been wronged, his country will do him right; and then the odium of the public will justly fall upon his oppressors. In the mean time, we may venture to say, that the pamphlet before us is a shrewd production,

Art.

Art 23. *The Satires of Ludovico Ariosto.* Pr. 3 s. Millar.

The name of this great poet is so much revered even in England, that the public, we doubt not, will be glad to see an English translation of that part of his works which was least known in this country. Besides the fire, spirit, poetry, and keen reflexions, which we meet with in these satires, they contain a thousand little interesting incidents of a private nature, which not only make us acquainted with the life and circumstances of the author, but also strongly characterize the popes and first personages of that age, more happily than we find them portrayed in the works of professed historians. It is chiefly from these anecdotes, that the editor has compiled a life of Ariosto, prefixed to this translation.

We are given to understand, in an advertisement, that the profits of the work are appropriated to the purposes of humanity; and therefore, we wish it may meet with all manner of success. With respect to the merit of the performance, we think it is at least equal to many translations which have been favoured by the public, and in many parts superior to most.

The third satyr, in particular, is equally keen and elegant, levelled at the ungrateful neglect of the celebrated pope Leo X. who, before his elevation, had been the intimate friend of Ariosto.

We have not room to insert quotations; but, on the whole, beg leave to recommend the translation to the indulgence of the public.

Art. 24. *The English Pericles; or, the four qualifications necessary to make a true statesman, exemplified in the character and conduct of Mr. Secretary Pitt.* 8vo. 1 s. Woodfall.

This pamphlet, notwithstanding the flummery of its title, is not without merit. It is a kind of a sermon upon the following words of Pericles to his countrymen: "You are much mistaken, to think you are as competent judges of these matters as I, who am a man of experience, that yields to none of you, neither in knowledge of business, nor eloquence, nor love of country, nor contempt of riches."

It happens, indeed, a little ungracefully, that Pericles speaks all this of himself; and, in that respect, our author's parallel between him and Mr. Pitt fails; but in other respects he has succeeded tolerably well in proving, or rather shewing, that the four characteristics of a great statesman, mentioned by Pericles, unite in Mr. Secretary Pitt; for which laudable attempt, we shall not animadvert upon several inaccuracies of style that are to be found in this performance.

Art.

Art. 25. *The Life and Actions of Frederic III. King of Prussia, &c. containing the origin of the house of Brandenburg, with an epitome of the lives of all the Electors of that family. Embellished with a frontispiece of his present Majesty; a map of Germany, and the seat of war in the Empire; plans of the siege of Prague, and the battles of Rosbach and Creveld. 8vo. Price 6s. Wilkie.*

Laudari a laudatis, praise from the praise-worthy, was the wish of an ancient philosopher; and, perhaps, there is not in nature an offering more agreeable. The person who pays this tribute, the manner in which it is bestowed, and the person's design who bestows it, is what in reality distinguishes excellence from power, lays the line between fame and popularity, and gives the great or good an opportunity of triumphing in conscious superiority. The undistinguished applause with which the great King of Prussia (perhaps greater before he commenced an hero) is here loaded, will, it is feared, add but little to his reputation; since the author seems equally incapable of selecting such parts of his character as deserve praise, or of praising what he does with elegance or propriety. Some materials collected from the King's own Memoirs, and the news papers of the day, compiled without taste, and almost without connection, are here obtruded upon us for history. One half of the work is taken up in a tedious account of the house of Brandenburg, the other in an unformed journal of the actions of the present King; and yet the author calls all this history: as well might a Gazette be honoured by the same appellation. The truth is, many of our authors at present, or our booksellers, which is much the same, do not so much consult the wants of the public as their own; and when they have once got a taking title-page for a book, find it an easy matter to write a book to the title.

Our historian (for so we must be content to call him) is not more happy in the choice of expression, or the delicacy of sentiment, than in the arrangement of his materials. His stile is bombastic without force, and ornamented without being graceful. In short, as the Abbé St. Real was called by his contemporaries the Shadow of Politeness, so we may call our present compiler the Eccho of Vulgarity. But let him speak for himself: 'Joachim Nestor was succeeded by a prince who courted Voluptas, and slighted Minerva.—If John the Cicero and Joachim Nestor were patrons of learning—if they first diminished that load of ignorance which covered the face of the electorate—if they first established seminaries to teach their subjects to know

‘ know themselves ’—Well, what then? Why—‘ Frederic III. has renovated Greece and Rome at Berlin, and resuscitated the ages of antiquity.—He is himself one great compendium of knowledge, which he has diffused, without diminishing, among his people.’—It were useless to select more passages from this performance. *Ex uno discite omnes.* Such writers, like the pretended captives in Domitian’s triumph, increase the pageantry without enhancing the value of the conquest, or the reputation of the conqueror.

Art. 26. *A Parallel, in the Manner of Plutarch, between a most celebrated Man of Florence and one scarce ever heard of in England.* By the Rev. Mr. Spence. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

We are at a loss whether most to commend the execution or the design of this little parallel. Mr. Spence, who has already exerted his talents in behalf of indigent merit, and brought the blind bard from obscurity into fame, has here made an effort of the same nature, which we hope will be crowned with equal success. We cannot without pleasure behold a man thus conferring reputation on others, while he secures it to himself. We cannot without pleasure find a patron of literature serving amongst us, giving all perhaps that he is capable of giving, relieving distress by a bounty which it is not in the power even of royalty to bestow. Magliabechi, that self-taught literary machine, is already well known among the learned; and we must be excused from gratifying the curiosity of others on this subject, since it might in some measure obstruct that relief which this performance is designed to bestow. We shall only beg leave to add a story of him, not mentioned by Mr. Spence, and told by one of his own acquaintance. • Magliabechi once attending at the disputes of gradation in a certain Dominican convent in the city, the disputants grew warm, and the audience were, as is customary, divided into parties. Our scholar, who had been silent in the beginning, burned at last with impatience at the absurdity and vociferation which he heard prevail; and at length starting up, “Gentlemen, cries he, you are both in the wrong: you for opposing what you don’t know, and you for defending what you do not believe.” *Negatur major minor & consequens, tu vis scire quod non est scibile, vis tu oppugnare ubi non oppugnatur.* This alone serves to shew in what respect he was held, and what authority he assumed among his countrymen. How different his fate from that of poor Hill, who is opposed in the parallel. This learned industrious man, without friends, almost wholly unknown, has been obliged to subsist whole days upon tobacco and water. The friendship
of

of the Italian was cultivated by all the literati of Italy, and his talents rewarded by royal munificence; while the Englishman has been obliged even to wretches for his bread, and forced to converse with ignorants who have no idea of his desert. Our countryman seems to have thought, the Italian has only read and remembered. To think with justice upon any subject, is the privilege only of a few; to read and remember, commonly lies level even with the meanest capacity.

Art. 27. *The Tears of Friendship. An Elegiac Ode, Sacred to the Memory of several deceased Friends, and particularly the Rev. Benjamin Grosvenor, D. D. who departed this Life Aug. 27, 1758. in the 83d Year of his Age. By Thomas Gibbons. Quarto. Pr. 6d. Buckland.*

It is remarked, that one good poem produces twenty indifferent imitations. Gray's Elegy has already been a model to several inferior poets, who, like him, pour forth their complaints in alternate stanza, *Alter et idem nascitur*. The night approaches, fit scene for melancholly and contemplation, the bat flits, the owls begins to hoot, and the poet to sing. Mr. Gibbons has here bewailed the death of several of his friends; but how grateful soever the task may have been to him, he has called up but few of the pathetic powers to make his reader sympathize. The ode is pretty long, and would probably have been still longer, had not the pious poet been stopt by an angel. This minister then, commissioned from above, takes up the song, and comforts our mourner. As nothing should be lost which such a messenger delivers, we shall select a part of his speech, as a specimen of the whole.

‘ XXXVII.

- ‘ How can’st thou think it thy Creator’s will
- ‘ Thus to wail o’er the ashes of the dead?
- ‘ Heav’n fix’d the rounds of time they should fulfil,
- ‘ Heav’n order’d when from earth their spirits fled.

‘ XXXVIII.

- ‘ Freed from the chains of flesh, their painful cell,
- ‘ And this dark vale, the range of sin and woe,
- ‘ They with their God, inthron’d in glory, dwell,
- ‘ And drink the joys that from his presence flow.

‘ XXIX.

- ‘ This world was undesign’d for their abode:
- ‘ ’Tis but the ante-chamber, life the hour
- ‘ To dress in robes ting’d with the saviour’s blood,
- ‘ Price of his love, and triumphs of his pow’r.

‘ XL.

XL.

- ‘ Nor these their robes alone, their’s is th’ array
 ‘ Of graces, virtues, radiant and divine,
 ‘ That fully’d with no blemish, from decay
 ‘ Secure, o’er all the heirs of glory shine.’

There are so many requisites to form a poet besides piety, sensibility, and even good sense, that we are conscious this worthy man can find no just cause of displeasure at being excluded from among the number.

Art. 28. *Tartarian Tales: or, a thousand and one quarters of hours. Written in French by the celebrated Mr. Gullettee, author of the Chinese, Mogul, and other Tales. The whole, for the first time, translated into English by Thomas Floyd, Price 3s. Tonson.*

We have here a mixture of French and Asiatic inconstance, designed, in vain, to strike the imagination with eastern sublimity, and to captivate the judgment with European correctness. Of such productions we may justly observe, that they dispose the minds of youth too much in favour of the marvellous, to leave them a proper relish for serious history. However, they are a less intoxicating dose for indolent readers, than most of our modern novels.

Art. 29. *The Intriguing Coxcomb: or, the secret history of Sir Edmund Godfrey. Illustrated with a variety of incidents which happened to himself, and the celebrated Miss L——— C———, in the course of their several years acquaintance; the whole calculated to amuse and instruct the attentive reader. 12mo. Price 6s. Scott.*

This is a miserable plagiarism, partly from a French novel, and partly from a performance of the same nature in English, called the *Memoirs of a Coxcomb*, which was published some years ago, but not finished.

